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Another Week of War

During the first week of February the most important military news came, as usual, from Russia. Soviet armies were advancing in the north, the center and the south; many German troops were entrapped, although not so many as the American newspapers pretended, with their customary heavy overplay of good news. In the Pacific, the assault on the Marshalls was an extraordinarily brilliant military and naval operation, boldly planned and skillfully executed. In Italy the carefulness of the Anglo-American commanders after their landing on the coast near Rome seemed justified, as the Germans launched counter-attacks of great severity and succeeded in driving our forces back for some distance. The bombing of Germany went on and was no doubt effective, though the high hopes based on this bombing a few months ago have been pretty well dissipated. The campaign in Burma slogged ahead slowly, reminding us, if we needed it, that in spite of brilliant operations in the Marshalls, New Guinea and New Britain, Europe is still the main war theatre and must get most of our available strength.

On the political front, the week's most important news was Russia's new emphasis on greater autonomy for her constituent republics. Washington dispatches, which may or may not have been inspired, declared that the State Department has had a change of heart and will now coöperate with the French Committee of National Liberation, withdraw support from the Italian King and Badoglio and remain truculent toward Franco. In Congress, the Republicans and the Southern reactionaries continued to do what they could to keep the soldiers from voting. Harold Ickes announced a grandiose project for a pipeline in Arabia, and the FBI, ignoring Democratic Party politics, publicized its intention of investigating violations of civil liberties by Mayor Hague of Jersey City.

The Soldiers' Vote

What will be the final outcome of the soldiers'-vote issue, is not clear at this writing. But whatever it is, irreparable harm has been done to the reputation of the present Congress. We have seen the House vote 215 to 164 for a bill which the President described as "a fraud on the soldiers, sailors and marines now fighting for us, and a fraud upon the American people." We have seen the members of the House, with a disgraceful repudiation of their public responsibility, decline to answer a roll call and attempt to hide behind a teller vote, being thwarted only by the vigilance and good memories of a group of newspaper reporters.

No one can now doubt that the opposition to a federal ballot is not sincerely based on any constitutional issue or on any valid argument about states' rights. The opposition is built upon the simple fact that the Republicans fear the servicemen might vote for President Roosevelt and the Southern tories fear a precedent under which large numbers of their citizens might enjoy the ballot after the war, instead of the present handpicked minorities. This is a flat repudiation, not merely of democracy, but of the most rudimentary republican system. Agreeing that the epithet "fascist"

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ought to be carefully and sparingly used, it remains true that these men have embraced the most important single fascist doctrine—the denial of the franchise. If any more terrrifying thing has happened in our republic in recent years, we do not know what it is.

Change of Heart in State?

If Washington dispatches to The New York Times are reliable, American liberals have just won a substantial victory. We are told that the State Department now realizes that critics of its policy toward Spain, France and Italy have been right all the time, and that it is prepared to bow to the realities of the situation. An attempt is made to justify the change on the ground that we can now afford to be decent, whereas military exigencies hitherto made this impossible. But this explanation is patently false. Military necessity ceased to be compelling in North Africa, as regards the French, within a month or so after we landed in November, 1942. If we can get tough with Franco now, we could have done it six months ago. As for the Italian King and Badoglio, two or three weeks after the surrender was time enough to see that they were a liability, not an asset.

A more plausible explanation is that the new attitude of the State Department is based on a lively dislike of what Russia is doing. The Russians are evidently determined to surround themselves on the west with states which are at least neutral if not definitely friendly to themselves. Old-fashioned power politics would suggest that the United States and Great Britain, at the very least, should have states in western Europe friendly to themselves; yet we have been doing just the opposite. Among Frenchmen today it is a fatal handicap to be known as a friend of the British and Americans. In Italy all the decent, anti-Fascist elements are bitterly opposed to us. In Spain, until a week or two ago, we were carefully picking out friends exclusively among the Fascists, who are obviously on their way out.

This country ought not to be fighting a diplomatic battle against Russia for spheres of influence in postwar Europe, a battle which might well contain the seeds of a third world war. There is no reason, however, why we should not behave decently toward France, Spain and Italy and at the same time remain friendly with the USSR. We hope the reports from Washington are true, and that henceforth we shall pursue a decent, anti-Fascist policy which is also one directed toward permanent peace.

Pipeline in Arabia

The United States Government is about to spend $130,000,000 or more in building a 1,200-mile pipeline across Saudi Arabia from the oil fields on the Persian Gulf to a port, possibly Haifa, on the Mediterranean. This line will be built on behalf of three American oil companies, Standard of California, Texas and Gulf. The companies guarantee to return its entire investment to the government inside 25 years. They will also keep a reserve of petroleum for the use of the United States Army and Navy of 20 percent of their production, up to 1,000,000,000 barrels, and oil will be sold to the government for its own use at 25 percent below the market price. The United States can veto the sale of oil to any foreign government or its nationals if such sale seems not in the public interest.

It is known that a proposal was made for the United States Government to have a part ownership in the American corporations exploiting Arabian oil. The British government has such an ownership, and we would then have been able to deal with the British on equal terms. The American companies, however, invoking the sacred name of "free enterprise," managed to block the move. As a result, we have a situation that looks dangerously like old-fashioned dollar diplomacy at its worst. Our government must carry the ball for our corporations, with little control over their actions. The possibility of international supervision of dwindling supplies of natural resources is much lessened, although unrestricted private scrambling for such resources carries a potential threat of war. We shall be lucky if we do not have bitter cause to regret this appeasement of the American oil companies.

For Marksman Emmett Smith

We trust we may be pardoned if we turn aside from world affairs for a moment to record an item of news from within The New Republic's own office—an item of interest chiefly to ourselves, and to the soldiers at Fort McClellan, Georgia. We have been looking at a copy of the Fort McClellan camp newspaper; and there, beaming out at us from the first page, was the familiar face of Pvt. Emmett O. Smith, who has just broken all records at Fort McClellan in M-1 rifle firing, scoring 206 out of a possible 210. It's a little hard for his fellow workers in our office to think of Emmett as a sharpshooter. Prior to his induction, he had never had a rifle in his hands. A native of the South, his fried chicken delighted the most dyspeptic luncheon guest; when he polished linoleum it shone like glass. Soft-spoken and kind, he was an example of the good man who does his work in peace. When war was declared on America and the unmarried men had all been called, a board composed of his Harlem neighbors summoned him to fight. Now Emmett is a trained soldier of his country, wearing a medal for highest marksmanship. He has become an individual menace to Hitler and the Japs, and a potent one. The contempt the fascists felt for our unwarlike ways is thus again belied by our own Emmett Smith. Killing the enemy had to be learned, and from every farm and office millions of Americans have gone out and learned to shoot—some of them like champions.

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Willkie Dares Again

Wendell Willkie has a habit of crawling so far out on a limb that his support does not seem to be connected with the Republican tree trunk at all. Perhaps he hopes that the limb will not break off, but will bend down, take root and become the main stem. This time he has done it again by demanding war taxes, not merely far larger than the Republicans in Congress have been willing to vote, but about twice as large as the President has asked for. Nothing might be expected to arouse more opposition among the stalwarts in his own party.

Mr. Willkie is of course right, just as he has been right ever since the international crisis began, on Lend-Lease, conscription, international war, coöperation and the abandonment of isolation after victory. His bold tactics are the exact opposite of those employed by most of the politicians in his party. Instead of hanging back and offering a negative opposition to the President, he takes a few steps ahead of him and strives to create the impression that he is a much more courageous and far-sighted leader. This attitude is the only one that could win him the nomination or the election. Meanwhile it is good for the nation's political health.

When Mr. Willkie was urging the President to go further in the international field, shrewd observers were saying that Mr. Roosevelt would take the issue away from him by following his advice. This has happened before, and it may happen again. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Willkie continues to register on the popular memory the impression that he is a big and bold statesman—bigger and bolder than the President, at the moment, feels he can afford to be.

A Good Man in a Big Job

President Roosevelt a short time ago appointed a new War Refugee Board consisting of the Secretaries of State, War and the Treasury. Its primary function is to try to help the refugees from Europe, and especially the Jews, whom Hitler apparently intends to murder as rapidly as he can. It is perhaps only natural that a good deal of skepticism has been expressed regarding this new board. For several years, Great Britain and the United States have been engaged in little more than polite buck-passing in regard to this matter. The Intergovernmental Committee, and the two conferences that have been held, have produced many words of pious sympathy but practically no concrete action. However, it begins to look, finally, as though the United States Government really means business. John W. Pehle has just been appointed executive director of the War Refugee Board. Pehle is an able, aggressive administrator; for four years he has been head of the Foreign Funds Control in the Treasury, which has tied up Axis money in this country and thus prevented enemy espionage and infiltration in American business. Mr. Pehle's first job will be to get the refugees out of the neutral countries of Europe, in order to make room for more of them to get away from Hitler territory. We wish him all success in a job which can become, quite literally, one of the most important on earth.

Special Pleading in The SEP

We hereby nominate as the worst magazine article of the year 1944 "Customer's Nightmare" in The Saturday Evening Post of February 5. The year is still young but we shall be much surprised if it brings forth any worse specimen of misrepresentation.

"Customer's Nightmare" is by Edmond F. Maher, "as told to" Mary Ellen Leary, which means in magazine jargon that Miss Leary wrote the article but Mr. Maher supplied the material. The article attacks grade-labeling, from about the intellectual level of a Christian Front soapbox. The very first sentence says that "our system of private enterprise is at stake," which is enough to scare the pants off the Post readers. The author speaks of those who support grade-labeling as wanting to "revolutionize and reform." He speaks of their common "ideological color," which doubtless means, to SEP readers, that they are all a bunch of Reds. He strongly suggests that the supporters of grade-labeling want brand names to disappear, and talks as though they demand that all goods within any one grade sell at exactly the same price. He mixes up mercilessly the aims of long-time reform with the emergency problems brought about by war conditions. With a leap into complete absurdity, he asks the

Drawing by Eric Godal. Copyright, 1944, by Field Publications and reprinted by courtesy of PM.

"How's Business, Partner?"

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SEP reader whether he would want to talk to his friends about a grade-A painting and grade-A cigars, instead of a Van Gogh and Corona Coronas?

We assume our readers know, if the SEP readers do not, that this whole hysterical attack is based on false premises. Grade-labeling means no more and no less than that the man who packs good canned pears or peaches should be permitted to say so in public and not be forced to compete on exactly equal terms with the man who packs half-decayed, dirty, small-sized fruit. Price control is a wartime necessity, and is being exercised today even without grade-labeling. If our system of free enterprise were so fragile that it would be destroyed by indicating whether a can of food is good, indifferent or bad, it would surely be too delicate to survive. But we all know that this is not true—and so does Mr. Maher.

We wish the editors of The SEP would explain how the drug trade has managed to exist under conditions far more rigid than those of grade-labeling. Today, every drug must conform to "USP" standards, which means that Squibb's Epsom Salts or Bayer's Aspirin must be made of exactly the same ingredients, in exactly the same way, as those of any other manufacturer. If a similar proposal were made for canned corn, one can imagine the howl that would go up from Mr. Maher and his friends. Yet Squibb and Bayer brand names go on serenely. People continue to pay a premium price for an identical product in order to get it under the brand name of a favorite manufacturer.

A couple of years ago The Saturday Evening Post did itself very great damage by its policy of bitter and irreconcilable toryism, so much so that it found a change of editors and a reorganization of the magazine desirable. Mr. Maher's article, with its waving of the bloody shirt of private enterprise, its half-truths and no truths, makes one wonder whether the magazine now wants to go through the same process over again.

Witch-Hunters at Cornell

The professional witch-hunters have been making a great fuss lately because Cornell University has been giving special courses devoted to Russia, and some of the people invited to speak there have shown sympathy toward the present government. This seems about as stupid an objection as could very well be raised; it is about on a par with those critics of the OWI who protested because that agency employed Yugoslav immigrants to make propaganda broadcasts to Yugoslavia. Apparently they wanted us to use only good Americans from Texas, and if they didn't happen to speak any Yugoslav language, who cares? Most people who have anything to say about Russia have definite ideas; they are either strongly for its system or strongly against it. Cornell showed good sense and courage in letting both points of view be represented.

The Soviet Commonwealth

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGE by which the constituent republics of the Soviet Union are granted greater autonomy is not subject to any glib explanation. Commentators in other countries, in spite of the demonstration furnished by the war that the Russian commonwealth comprises a great people with many individual variations, still tend to think as if whatever is done in that country were the result of some sleight-of-hand on the part of one man, or at least a small group, in the Kremlin. Centralized power there certainly is, but there could be no greater error than to suppose that all the energy comes from the top down rather than welling up in large measure from the vast populations over enormous stretches of the map. A brittle dictatorship ruling a mass of inert slaves could never have withstood the shocks of these past years. We shall have to await events before being certain even of the intentions of those who inaugurated the change, and its true historical significance may not appear for years.

Explanations in the press have run largely in terms of its meaning for foreign relations. This is natural in view of the power granted the several republics to make treaties and exchange diplomatic representatives. Yet the new development may have internal importance as well. Before considering its international aspect, let us examine for a moment some of the domestic situations to which it is pertinent.

The Russian empire, like the Soviet Union which has succeeded it, embraced a large variety of peoples, languages and national traditions. Only a minority of the territory and population are historically Russian, by any test of nationality. The Tsarist regime had been one of conquest and bureaucratic regimentation; it had attempted to stamp out nationalities and Russify the entire realm. That was one of its greatest weaknesses. The Bolshevik revolution retained centralization in prescribing the forms of economy and government, but it made a right-about-face in cultural matters. Racial discrimination was abolished; national traditions, languages and literatures were revived. Stalin himself is a Georgian, and there is no prouder and more stiff-necked people than the Georgians, with their ancient civilization.

Even these concessions did not abolish all difficulties or eliminate the impulse toward separatism. The Ukrainians, for instance, have been an intermittent source of unrest for many years. The Ukraine contains a population larger than that of many independent European nations—approximately forty millions—and is the site of agricultural, mineral and industrial wealth greater than most. There has been a Ukrainian nationalist movement from the beginning of the revolution, embracing partisans on both sides of the Polish border

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which was set up after the last war. Hitler attempted to exploit it, but it is even more anti-German than anti-Russian. Since the present war has revived nationalism in other parts of Europe, it is entirely reasonable to suppose that the suffering and armed Ukrainians have also been dreaming their dreams.

In economic matters, too, there has for years been a growing tendency in the Soviet Union to moderate the extreme centralization which existed at the beginning. When every decision had to pass through Moscow, and moves were made at long distances from the scene of action, the machinery was too clumsy to work well. It is probable that the immense war production which has been achieved, and the resilience of the resistance to invasion, were the results of a good deal of relaxation in practical administration, though of course the communist policy has permeated everywhere.

Other changes in the attitude of the Soviet rulers have been much commented upon during the war. The revival of Russian historical traditions and a more friendly attitude toward the Orthodox Church were not mere devices of propaganda, but undoubtedly reflected the mood of the people. More power for the constituent republics may easily be just one more of the latent tendencies which the pressure of so great a war has brought forth.

In foreign affairs, the amendments may have a number of uses. We do not grant much credence to the common observation that this was a smart trick to give the Soviet Union more votes in a future international organization. The part which will be played by the Big Four in the making and operation of the peace will not depend on anything so mechanical as the number of votes in any assembly. Does anyone suppose, for instance, that the United States must play second fiddle to Britain merely because the British dominions have independent votes? Or that we should be more powerful if each of the forty-eight states should send a delegate? Or that Russia would have been any less able to command a hearing without the devolution which has occurred? The danger, one might suppose, would be exactly the opposite.

It may, however, be far easier to win the loyalty of the Ukrainians and White Russians who have been under Polish rule if they can join a Ukraine and a White Russia than if they were merely annexed to a Soviet Union. It may even be easier to incorporate states like Estonia, Lithuania and Latvia through an arrangement of this kind. And the result may be more than a mere change of wording. Just as a Canada and a South Africa with independent armies are more dependable allies of British power in times of crisis than they would be if they had remained crown colonies all these years, so outlying regions of the Soviet Union may play their strategic role better if they have a fairly full measure of autonomy.

The Threat to Democracy

FIFTY YEARS AGO the toughest problem that the American people faced was that of the national monopolies, called "trusts." Today it may be that the toughest problem that the world faces is that of the international monopolies, called "cartels." Fifty years ago we had finally pushed through the Sherman anti-trust law, but the serious efforts to enforce it did not come until some five years ago, when Thurman Arnold took the statutes at their face value, and moved through a series of court prosecutions to break the bottlenecks that hemmed in competitive business. Arnold is now a judge, but his successor in the Department of Justice, Wendell Berge, is doing his best under great difficulties to carry on Arnold's work. And in the Senate a Subcommittee on War Mobilization, under the excellent chairmanship of Senator Kilgore of West Virginia, is discovering that the crucial problem of trusts in America today is the problem of international cartels. The wheel has come full turn. We are back where we were in 1890, except that now we confront an octopus that crosses international boundaries and straddles the world.

To most Americans the word "cartel" is a mysterious one; the purposes and methods of operation of the cartels are unclear, and their consequences are almost unknown. Several years ago a Senate committee under the chairmanship of Senator Truman uncovered a vast amount of testimony on cartels and how they had crippled American efforts to prepare for war. But the evidence the Truman Committee has amassed never reached the American people as a whole, and the committee's findings were blanketed by the silence of the American press. Last week the Kilgore Committee released a brilliant report on cartels by Corwin D. Edwards, of the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice. This report—which is not presented as a committee finding, but as material for the committee's consideration—should be required reading for every newspaperman, every business man, every union leader, every government official, every teacher in the country. It answers most of the questions you have had in your mind about cartels, and answers them clearly, systematically and with documentation. We doubt whether you will read much about it in your newspaper, and suggest that you write either to Senator Kilgore or to the United States Government Printing Office, and ask for Senate Committee Print, Seventy-eighth Congress, Second Session, Monograph No. 1.

The first striking thing about cartels is that they doom any notions of genuinely free enterprise that may still be lingering in the minds of the American people. For cartels are international combinations of corporations that have what is euphemistically known as "com-

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mon interests." They are, specifically, agreements among American, British, German, Dutch, Japanese and other producers of the same commodities, by which they link their forces against all outsiders, corner all the swag for themselves and then divide it up.

These agreements ramify into every field. What are you interested in? Is it aluminum? Read about the cartel arrangement between the Aluminum Company of America and Aluminum, Ltd., of Canada. Is it magneto or aviation equipment? Read about the agreement among the American Bosch Corporation, the Bendix Aviation Company and the Robert Bosch Company in Germany. Is it aspirin? Read about the cartel between I. G. Farben in Germany and Sterling Products in our own country, whose Bayer Company is a sort of American counterpart of the Bayer Company in Germany. Is it chemicals and munitions? Read about the relations among the duPont interests, the Imperial Chemical Industries, I. G. Farben and Solvay. Is it petroleum products? Read about the agreements that Standard Oil has all over the world. Is it electrical equipment and radio equipment? Read about General Electric and its arrangements with foreign companies, and especially about the intricate set-up of the N. V. Philips Organization of Holland and New York, and its network of coöperating companies in Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Great Britain, Spain, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, Portugal, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India and practically every other country in the world.

In short, what we have here is a new International. The Communist International has been dissolved. We are at war with the Fascist International. But even when we have finally achieved victory, we shall still have to face the big Corporate International of the cartels.

The Kilgore Committee study is crammed full of documentary evidence showing how these cartels pool their patents (see the article by Robert Reuben elsewhere in this issue), jack up prices, keep down quality, restrict supply and divide the world into spheres of influence like so many imperial powers. And the results are the negation of everything that business enterprise supposedly stands for. Business is supposed to expand production and productive capacity: the cartels restrict it. Business is supposed to promote competition: the cartels stifle it. Business is supposed to encourage invention: the cartels freeze inventions. Business is supposed to develop self-reliance: the cartels crowd out the independent producers, and leave only the vast corporate bureaucracies. Business is supposed to heighten efficiency: the cartels decimate it, by lapping each company in a non-competitive security within its own sphere of influence.

The political phases of the cartels are, if anything, even more dangerous than the economic phases. We have indicated how the cartels turn business values topsy-turvy. They also play havoc with national values —at least, for the unwary nations. The German monopolies which entered into the cartel arrangements were merely the economic instruments of the Nazi government: but the American and British monopolies were not. As a result the cartels played directly into the political purposes of fascism throughout the world. The cartels helped Germany to rearm—as witness some of the duPont correspondence which the Kilgore Committee study quotes. The cartels were used to spread fascist propaganda in Latin America, as witness the agreement between Sterling Products and I. G. Farben apportioning aspirin and milk of magnesia advertisements in Latin American newspapers according to their political opinions on the Nazi government. The cartels were a godsend to the German government by giving it the strategic industrial information about the newest processes in American industry: as witness the evidence that American developments in fuel-injection equipment for Diesel motors, and in short-wave and high-frequency radio communication, were handed over to the Nazis as late as August, 1939, by the American Bosch Corporation. And finally the cartels tied American hands in the development of synthetic processes in rubber and other crucial war products, as witness the now famous Standard Oil agreements.

In short, cartels are the negation of a sound national interest, as they are the negation of healthy business practices. In both respects they are fatal to democracy. They represent vast private governments. In each country they form a state within a state. In the world as a whole they cross national frontiers and make them meaningless. They are private governments whose decisions are reached secretly, whose officials are not subject to election or removal and whose power controls the destinies of whole peoples. There can be no decent or healthy postwar world until this power is met and mastered.

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Patents—Weapon of Monoply

WE HAVE BEEN LED to expect victory over Germany during the next year, and with the approach of victory some of our pressing economic problems become urgent. The time grows late; changes must be undertaken and the future must be planned.

One of the great problems that confront us is that of the cartel monopolies and the type of economy they engender. Before we can anticipate a fruitful peace, we must release our economy and our productive capacity from the artificial restrictions and the scarcity philosophy which have made unemployment, limited consumption, high prices and depression an accepted and basic part of our society.

The problem is vast and complex. And not the least important facet is the question of patents, which have become an instrument for oppressive business practice and monopolistic market control.

The Constitution says: "Congress shall have power to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive rights to their respective writings and discoveries." The patent laws (enacted in 1790 and 1836) grant to the inventor letters patent giving him exclusive right to make, use and sell the product of his invention for 17 years.

Patents, *per se*, are innocent-sounding and in their origin had a noble purpose—to protect an inventor and encourage invention and scientific and industrial progress. But in our industrial expansion they have become, instead, a handsome tool by which small groups dominate and stultify large parts of our productive economy. Individual inventors no longer are among the important holders of patents. Great corporate aggregates, such as ATT, duPont, General Electric and Standard Oil, are the prime beneficiaries of the patent system and have collected patents by the thousands.

Cartels and monopolies depend upon absolute control over a market, and on restricted production, to keep goods scarce and prices and profits high. Patents are an integral part of the machinery for accomplishing this. If a corporation can prevent prospective competitors from using similar methods of production, or by patent manipulation or expensive litigation can prevent competitors from even entering the general field of its enterprise, it becomes much easier to establish systems of quotas, discourage new and more efficient technology and set artificial and unreasonable prices.

Not only have these large corporations obtained control of the original patents but, by patenting minor improvements or patenting various productive processes surrounding the original patent, they effectively monopolize production and research indefinitely. In radio, for example, it is almost impossible for new manufacturers to enter the field, although basic patents have long since expired. Entire industries are controlled, competition is prevented and new inventions are discouraged—the very opposite of the intent of the original patent laws.

These abuses of the patent laws became more vicious during the war; there are scores of instances where war production has been hampered because patent monopolists have restricted production, discouraged research and prevented mushrooming, efficient mass production.

Titanium, which is the most valuable of all-white pigments for paints, rubber products, glass, paper, enamel and other materials, is a typical cartel. The president of one of the American companies which dominate it wrote to one of his European colleagues as follows: "May I call the proposed combination, for simplicity, a cartel? The whole purpose of the the cartel is to obtain a monopoly of patents, so that no one can manufacture it [titanium] excepting the members of the cartel, and so can raise the prices by reason of such monopoly to a point that would give us much more profit on our present tonnage. . . ."

Wendell Berge, the Justice Department's able assistant attorney general, told the story of this astounding cartel to the Senate Subcommittee on War Mobilization. He disclosed that the American members of the cartel *helped the Japanese to evade the British embargo in 1940-41* and, because of their cartel obligations, *shipped the badly needed titanium to Japan—even though this country's domestic supplies were sadly inadequate.*

Berge reported further that American members have seen fit to aid I. G. Farben, the German chemical trust, in attempting to prevent seizure of German-owned patents by the American alien-property custodian; that to attain monopolistic control, "the cartel has resorted to flagrant misuse of patents and has gone so far as actually to pay large sums to potential competitors to keep them out of the titanium business"; that I. G. Farben, "as one of the leading parties to the cartel, has dictated the terms upon which American members might do business."

There are other examples of monopolies which, through their misuse of the patent laws, actually have affected the health of the nation. The Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation presents a case in which a group of pharmaceutical and food companies controlled and sought to restrict production of the sunshine vitamin, vitamin D.

Vitamin D prevents tooth decay and is essential for bone growth and development. While it is the most impoverished groups of the nation who need it most, the

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monopolistic control of the product has resulted in arbitrarily high and excessive prices. Mr. Berge charges that the foundation exhibited a lack of interest in research unless commercial advantage could be obtained (while at the same time its patent control prevented would-be competitors from developing or marketing more advanced products).

"Prices were not only fixed; they were fixed arbitrarily at levels which can only be regarded as extortionate in view of the economic status of the people whose need for vitamin D was the greatest."

These exorbitant prices were maintained in providing the vitamin for use in bread, evaporated milk and even in the feeding of irradiated yeast to cows to increase the vitamin-D content of the milk. The vicious history of this company and its cartel arrangements with duPont and others is an example of how the basic needs of the consumer were flouted through patent misuse.

Although 2,000,000 persons in the United States suffering from diabetes depend for their very lives on an adequate supply of insulin at a reasonable price, a small monopoly group—exploiting its privileged patent position—imposed arbitrary prices and unreasonable conditions of distribution of the medicine.

In the production of synthetic hormones, another important medical product, Berge revealed that cartel restrictions imposed by foreign participants seriously affected our research in this important field; that American companies have aided their German affiliates in evading the British blockade, and used dummy corporations to avoid the blacklist in Latin America; and that American concerns devised deceptive labels to preserve markets for their German affiliates and to aid the spread of German propaganda in Latin America.

One company, Winthrop Chemical, owns the United States patents on Atabrine, our only substitute for badly needed quinine. Government experts have contended that nothing so vital should be left to one producer and that extensive industrywide research was needed to improve the product. But Winthrop kept a tight grasp on its monopoly and refused until recently to license its patents, and then did so only for the duration.

Examples in all fields are endless. The result is that patents no longer are a protection to an inventor and an encouragement to enterprise and initiative. They have become a complicated device by which corporations monopolize their field, freeze out healthy competition and discourage efforts at new invention unless they come within the profitable control of the existing monopolists. We have become frigid and monopolistic—two traits distinctly inimical to our business and industrial heritage.

Many efforts have been made and still are being made to obtain congressional reforms. And we should be getting tired of endless hearings and proposals, year after year, that die quietly as each session ends. Action in this field is one of the imperative planks in an all-around program needed to gird the country for a sound, productive postwar economy.

Vice President Wallace, appearing as witness before the Kilgore Committee of the Senate, endorsed the Kilgore bill, which would set up a central technical authority in the federal government to back research with state aid, throwing open to all business its patents and findings developed at government expense.

"Free enterprise will be shackled and restrained if research is dominated by a small number of corporations and cartels," he said. He explained that small companies cannot afford the laboratory expense of research, which is concentrated in the hands of about a hundred companies.

He proposed a central government authority to coordinate government research; full access to the scientific developments the government is financing during the war and to the alien patents seized by the alien-property custodian; government research in such fields as public health and housing; and state research centers to make scientific developments available to small business.

Patents themselves should be pushed back into their original concept. They should be made a simple legal monopoly whose reward to the inventor would be primarily in royalties rather than in monopolistic control of production and distribution. When patents were first considered, Alexander Hamilton, champion of industry, supported a system in which inventors would be paid a federal reward for worth-while discoveries and all inventions would be thrown open to promote the free growth of industry. When a patent becomes an instrument of business policy to restrict production and control markets, it exceeds the intent of a patent and strikes at the heart of a genuinely free economy.

In addition to government research and compulsory licensing (with suitable safeguards for small, rising business) patents should be limited—and really limited—to a reasonable period. "Gadget" or improvement patents should be done away with. The patent which is unused must after a reasonable period be thrown open. Misuse of patents should be punished with loss of the patents. Our Justice Department must be given support in viligant enforcement of anti-trust laws.

Great corporations must be deprived of the loopholes through which they hold patent monopolies in perpetuity, arbitrarily determining prices in market areas which long ago should have been free. How much longer do we want to countenance only an illusion of free enterprise and deny the reality of competition?

All of these are needed reforms. But the patent issue actually is only part of the much larger problem of cartels, monopoly and free markets; it all adds up to the type of national and world economy in which this country wants to participate.

ROBERT REUBEN

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Peace Now

IS THE NEW PEACE NOW MOVEMENT a real menace, a new America First, or just another screwball outfit?

For so young an organization, Peace Now has already had an amazing amount of newspaper space devoted to it. Evidently "Under Cover" and "Sabotage" have done their work well, with the aid of Walter Winchell. The fifth column at home has become hot copy. And, as a result, a major part of the Peace Now story has been reported in some detail. The chairman of the group, Dr. George W. Hartmann, Harvard and Teachers' College professor and perennial Socialist candidate for various New York City and State offices, and the executive secretary of the movement, Bessie Simon, pacifist and ex-America First employee, have been quoted at length on the need for stopping the war now and negotiating a peace with Hitler and Hirohito.

Press reports have made it clear that although Peace Now began "from a small group of sincere pacifists," it has become "a rallying point for Coughlinites, ex-Bundists, and anti-Semites" and "has been converted into a high-pressure group of obstructionists [which] crams the mails with all the old anti-British, anti-Roosevelt propaganda of America First."

The origin of Peace Now is connected with a young Norwegian named John Collett, who arrived in the United States in 1940 on a German visa, traveling by way of Japan. After living in various parts of the country he settled down in Philadelphia, where he made contacts with members of the Society of Friends and with other individuals in the American peace movement. He later went to live in Newark, New Jersey, and Peace Now was born at his residence there in the late spring of 1943. Collett was given the important post of field director, and started touring the country to muster sentiment for an immediate peace. Unluckily, on September 22, he was arrested in Cincinnati. A policeman pulled him down out of the top of a tree overlooking the shower room of a sorority house. He was fined $100 in police court, and the headquarters of Peace Now, which by this time were in New York City, announced that he had "resigned because of a nervous breakdown."

In the meantime, most of the respectable genuine pacifists had been frightened off. For one thing, they found that the new group overlapped their own organizations in money-raising activities. In the second place, they were alarmed by the growing dominance of the lunatic fringe in Peace Now. The genuine pacifists had always kept away from America First, because they were disturbed by the fanatical and hysterical character of many America Firsters, and they saw the same type of person appearing in Peace Now. (The big shots in America First, of course, have been too smart to get caught in anything like Peace Now. They are supporting the war and biding their time for a chance to reappear on the national scene with their revised version of isolationism.)

Meanwhile, Miss Simon has been very energetic. She interviewed Senators Wheeler and Nye and Representatives Fish, Mundt, Tolan and Hoffman. She conferred with John O'Donnell of The New York Daily News and Frank Waldrop of The Washington Times-Herald, two prominent employees of the McCormick-Patterson axis. She wrote to Gen. Robert E. Wood of Sears-Roebuck and to ex-Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, though as far as is known, neither responded favorably. Miss Simon also wrote voluminously to the isolationist Senators and Representatives, and especially their wives. She distributed great quantities of literature "explaining" the Jap and German positions and reviling our own foreign policy, demanding among other things, the abandonment of the "cannibalistic slogan 'unconditional surrender'" and urging that the "sovereign people of the U. S. A.—the sorrowing and suffering millions—make themselves heard and demand that this insane slaughter be stopped."

Dr. Hartmann, who is rated a terrific orator, put most of his energies into public speaking. Peace Now's first ambitious meeting was held at Carnegie Hall on December 30. Hartmann was the star and his followers gave him a ten-minute ovation following a speech which contained such statements as these: "Germans and Japs are no worse than Americans and British. Our rulers want to fight to avoid making a just peace. I apologize for American foreign policy. . . . We are here to create doubt in the minds of those who would keep on fighting."

Dr. Hartmann has recently also taken his oratory and his zeal to Boston. His new tactic of quoting the Pope was very successful with the Irish-Catholic audiences, which no doubt included many former America Firsters. "If I'm wrong, the Pope is wrong," he told them. Hartmann carried with him a special advertisement which had been designed as a car card for Boston. It had "STOP THIS WAR," in bold type, and underneath in smaller type a quotation from the Pope. Boston transit officials refused the ad. But after the Boston press publicized the rejection, Hartmann's supporters figured they had received $100,000 worth of advertising in place of the $142 worth they had wanted to purchase in the cars. In Boston, Hartmann also reassured the Peace Now forces about the apparent lack of support from prominent men and women. "We

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think we are doing pretty well," he said. "Some Senators and some Representatives we know are with us but they are waiting to see how big we get before they take action themselves."

Meanwhile, according to Peace Now, the movement is spreading throughout the country. I have personally checked with usually well informed people in three of the cities where Peace Now is supposed to be thriving, and in each case I have received the report that there is no open Peace Now unit there of sufficient size to be visible to the attentive eye. The movement claims to be strong in Los Angeles, Chicago, Baltimore, Detroit, Boston and Philadelphia.

The New York headquarters of Peace Now has been humming with activity. Since the recent burst of newspaper publicity, photographers, reporters and cops have elbowed the appeasement-minded visitors in the small office on East Fortieth Street in New York. M. M. Marberry of PM described it like this:

> The reverse patriots who burst into this room were more colorful. There was the woman dressed in purple, wearing a picture hat, who skipped through the doorway, gave a floppy, fascist-like salute, and screamed: "Peace—America First!" . . . There was also the stubby little gentleman, wearing a goatee and cropped mustache, who wandered about the room softly quoting the Bible. "Lots of good stuff in the Bible, as far as peace goes," he confided. . . . There was the man who sidled in whispering, speakeasy fashion, for some "material," then seeing he was among friends, he declared: "I was a real America First member; we've got to fight just as hard in this organization."

But propaganda costs money. America First, at least in its later days, had no money troubles. Gen. Robert E. Wood, the venerable Sears-Roebuck campaigner, delivered all the moral and financial support necessary. The America First moneybags, in Chicago and elsewhere, have refused to come through for any of the peace and pacifist organizations which have solicited their supported since America First officially expired. They say that they contributed originally because they trusted General Wood and supported what he told them to, that they are not and never have been pacifists and have no interest in supporting Peace Now or any other such movement.

Old hands in the peace movement say that the scarcity of money for such causes at the present time is the most important obstacle to Peace Now. Unless it can pay the bills, it is hard to see how the movement can grow and flourish. On the other hand, Peace Now has a great advantage in that all of the former leaders of the Christian Front and similar groups are under indictment, and their former followers are looking for some place to go.

Washington HELEN FULLER

Academic Freedom and the Catholics

Discussion of the Notre Dame-McMahon case in both the religious and the secular press has contained a variety of misconception in regard to academic freedom, and to the place of the clergy in the formulation and expression of Catholic opinion. The two facts that Notre Dame is a Catholic university and its president a Catholic priest seem to have caused commentators both inside and outside the Church to overlook much more important aspects.

We do not need to go beyond President O'Donnell's widely published statement to see that his action is a clear and extreme instance of the violation of the principles of academic freedom, *and that it is nothing more*. It has the standard elements of scores of academic-freedom cases in this country. The Catholicism of Notre Dame and of President O'Donnell adds nothing of importance to this case—except that it makes it more painful to Catholics in academic life.

It has been rumored that in this case President O'Donnell was not only responding to alumni pressure but was carrying out what amounted to orders from religious superiors. There appear to be some grounds for *guessing* that this is true, but no proof is available. There is no hint of it in President O'Donnell's statement. A variation of this rumor is that the supposed order was issued on the erroneous assumption that Dr. McMahon is a priest. It has also been suggested that an order, or request, for curbing Professor McMahon, on the ground that his speeches were disturbing delicate diplomatic negotiations, came from government rather than from Church sources.

The degree of truth in these rumors is of little importance. Whether or not Father O'Donnell had such instructions or requests, and whether they came from the Pope or the President of the United States, or from a subordinate of either of them, is wholly irrelevant. Academic freedom ends when it is ended, regardless of who ends it or why. This is not to say that academic freedom is the one most important concept in the minds of men and that all other considerations must yield to it. In times like these in a world like ours, much more than values comparable to academic freedom is being given up by millions in the army and the navy; and the freedom of the press and the radio is being curtailed. But in most instances all of this is open, understood and accepted. It should be so everywhere. There may be universities which believe their purposes can best be served by refusing to recognize the principles of academic freedom. If so the situation should be openly avowed and made clear

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to all who have relations with the university either as students or as teachers. It is, however, hardly possible that in this case President O'Donnell had any instruction or request which he could not have administered without violating academic freedom if he had understood and believed in academic freedom and its value in higher education.

Academic freedom is, however, so widely respected in the educational world that even those who most outrageously violate it almost always protest their complete devotion to it. President O'Donnell is no exception. But he clearly convicts himself in his published statement. No other testimony is needed. "Obviously," he writes, "there is no intent to violate freedom of speech or academic freedom, rightly understood, by an institution which has fostered these freedoms for a hundred years." If Notre Dame has fostered these freedoms for a hundred years (and I know of no case to the contrary), that is a fine record, one which makes the present lapse all the more disgraceful. But it constitutes no "obvious" proof that what happened in 1943 did not happen.

Next, President O'Donnell gives his statement of Dr. McMahon's offense and his treatment of it. These passages constitute the whole case. "A rising volume of protests," writes President O'Donnell, indicated that "Dr. McMahon's individual pronouncements in matters which many Americans consider controversial *were being fortified by his identification with the university* and in many instances were being interpreted as the university's stand." (Italics mine.) Surely Dr. McMahon should not be punished because those who do not understand the ordinary conventions of the educational world misinterpret a situation and take a single professor's "individual pronouncements" as the position of a whole university. Certainly no Catholic priest can deliberately sanction the principle that a person who is misinterpreted should be punished, by those who know the truth, for the misinterpretation.

The statement that "only the president of Notre Dame may appropriately express the university's position on such matters when an expression is considered advisable," puts President O'Donnell in complete agreement with the position taken by President Butler of Columbia a few years ago. It is unlikely that either one of them could get a vote of agreement on this doctrine in their own faculties. The idea is as out of keeping with American educational institutions as Mayor Hague's "I am the law" is out of keeping with American political institutions.

I quote again: "We consider Dr. McMahon a competent professor of Philosophy, and like all other faculty members, certainly entitled to his individual opinion and expression. But in our effort *to separate the university's identity on these questions from his own* it was at last necessary to ask his coöperation." (Italics mine.) Again we see that the offense was expressing disapproved ideas while being identified as a professor at Notre Dame. The ideas are not denounced as scandalous, immoral, heretical, unpatriotic, criminal, sinful or in bad taste. They are just controversial—held to be controversial by many Americans. But they were ideas on which "a competent professor of Philosophy" is "certainly entitled to his individual opinion and expression." The reader may well ask, "Then what's all the uproar about?"

The uproar is about the implications of the two passages I have above italicized. Dr. McMahon was entitled to express these opinions, but not as a professor of Philosophy in Notre Dame University! He could doubtless lecture without actually changing his name or wearing false whiskers. Introduced just as a man named McMahon he would be safe so long as no one knew who he was. But he had to give up expressing his belief in things he thought important or else he had to give up his professional identity—the position that he had won in his field. Any institution which demands such a choice from a scholar and teacher is guilty of the most unambiguous and shocking offense against the principle of academic freedom. The patriotism, the war service, the scholastic standing of the president or of the institution involved has nothing whatever to do with the case.

Was this outrageous choice put up to Dr. McMahon? It was. President O'Donnell wrote: "Dr. McMahon was simply [sic] requested to submit a list of his speaking engagements, an account of his press releases, and *the contents of his addresses* so that precautions might be suggested by the university administration for *separating the name and influence of Notre Dame from Dr. McMahon's position.*" (Italics mine.) No self-respecting professor anywhere would consent to submit the contents of his addresses to the president of his institution to receive suggestions for suppressing or hiding his professional position and identity. Any scholar or teacher who is free must be as free to refer to his professional position as he is to his post-office address, his political affiliation or his church membership. Requiring Dr. McMahon to make any concealment here, or to undertake always to make clear to those who do not know the difference between a university and a man, that he was not in fact Notre Dame University, makes a complete mockery of any pretense at academic freedom. In such a theory academic freedom would mean freedom to agree with the president or to write anonymous letters to the press!

To see that this case presents not a Catholic problem of any kind, but an ordinary standard case of denial of academic freedom, one has only to compare it to a few other celebrated cases. In the last war the outstanding case was probably that of President Butler of Columbia who dismissed Professors Cattell and Dana under circumstances that were almost exactly

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parallel to those of the present Notre Dame case. A few years ago a professor of Romance Languages was dismissed by the president of a college in Oklahoma because he wrote a letter to a Representative in Congress opposing the selective-service law. Catholicism was in no way a factor in either of these cases.

Today the other institution which seems to vie with Notre Dame for the foot of the class in this matter is Iowa State College. At Iowa State College, Mr. O. H. Brownlee published a pamphlet giving facts in regard to margarine, its nutritive value, its palatability, its cost, and relating these factors to the present butter shortage. I quote from the December Reader's Digest:

> The moment the pamphlet came from the press, there was the very devil to pay. Blasts of anger shattered the calm of Iowa, Wisconsin and the Dakotas, and dairymen demanded Brownlee's scalp. Newspapers scoffed at college professors, and suggested wholesale resignations. The battle still rages. Late communiqués report that Brownlee is absent on leave, that Dr. T. W. Schultz, his department chief, has chucked his job and escaped to Chicago, and that President Friley of Iowa State has placated the dairy interests by disowning the heretical tract.

We have in the two cases of Notre Dame and Iowa State College perfect examples of the two great types of academic-freedom cases. The McMahon case was the expression of opinions which were disapproved for a man who could be *identified as a member of the faculty of Notre Dame*. Dr. McMahon can still express his opinions, probably to a much wider audience than he has ever had before. But he has lost his position, his salary, his professional status, his personal and professional investment in Notre Dame. The fact that the University of Chicago promptly gave positions to both Dr. McMahon and Dr. Schultz in no way diminishes the failure of Notre Dame and Iowa State College to protect academic freedom. It simply demonstrates the superiority in this respect of the University of Chicago. The need for academic freedom in any free society is clarified by keeping in mind that had Dr. McMahon been practising law, medicine, engineering, or various other professional or business callings in South Bend, no one who disagreed with him could have made him pay such a penalty. The infliction of this precise penalty—depriving a man of his professional identity, status or position—is the very essence of the offense against academic freedom.

The Iowa State College case illustrates the second great type of academic-freedom cases. It is concerned not with the freedom of opinion and speech of the citizen who happens to be a teacher, but with the freedom to speak, to teach, to publish the truth as he sees it on the part of the teacher and research scholar. Probably no literate person questions the truth of Mr. Brownlee's findings on margarine, but some people didn't like the truth and so demanded his scalp. I have seen no statement in President Friley's words. But if the press reports are approximately true, he has given up without a fight the fortress for truth and the public interest which he commanded, and he has surrendered to a self-seeking pressure group which is trying to make a profit out of ignorance.

Had President O'Donnell and President Friley believed sufficiently in academic freedom, when the alumni who did not like Dr. McMahon's opinions, and the dairymen who did not like Mr. Brownlee's truth, demanded scalps, these presidents would have defied their pressure groups, would have explained their obligations as educators, and have given good lessons (where they were apparently badly needed) in the purposes of colleges and universities, and in the sacredness of truth and freedom of opinion in a free civilized society, as distinct from a totalitarian society. They could have, if they know what the world is about these days, related it all to the present conflict in which the sons of both institutions are fighting and dying for something which the presidents of their *alma maters* seem not quite to understand.

Academic freedom cannot at the present time be protected by statute in all colleges and universities as it is now protected in some of them. (For instance, in the New York City Colleges by the Coudert-Crews tenure law of 1940.) But many of the best institutions observe its principles without legal bulwarks. The number of institutions which respect these principles is steadily increasing. It is some years since we have had such clear cases of violation in distinguished institutions as those of last year in Notre Dame and Iowa State College. If this improvement is to continue, all friends of academic freedom should so conduct themselves, in print and in speech, as to bring home to offenders, if possible, a sense of guilt, and, again if possible, to move them to repentance and restitution. We can do this best by keeping irrelevant considerations out of our discussions.

Above all, in every discussion of this problem, or others like it, we should bear clearly in mind that whatever President O'Donnell does or does not do in such a case, cannot commit American Catholics to his position. President O'Donnell has no more authority to speak for American Catholics on any political, economic or international question than has any other individual Catholic. All well informed people know that there is no *Catholic* position on such questions. Catholics differ as widely on them as do others. There would doubtless be found somewhat more agreement among the Catholic clergy on many such questions than among the Catholic laity or among the population in general. Just so there would be found more agreement among lawyers on such questions than among the citizens in general, or among doctors than among the general public. It would, however, probably be wholly impossible to get even the Catholic bishops of America to agree on any specific measure

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dealing with such questions. But if they should all miraculously agree, any individual Catholic would give whatever weight he chose to that agreement.

The ends of truth would be served, and the development of enlightened and unified opinion in America would be promoted if commentators on current problems would abandon two very popular but quite absurd presuppositions, *viz:* that American Catholics agree on all such problems and that the Catholic laymen take their opinions from the Catholic clergy. Many Catholic priests are well informed factually, enlightened in theory and thoroughly intelligent in the fields of economics, government and international relations. Some are as uninformed, illogical and confused in these fields, as are some lawyers, some doctors, some business men and some farmers. Each is entitled to whatever influence his own ability, achievement and standing can bring him—no more. J. M. O'NEILL

Lincoln in 1944

THERE ARE MANY REASONS why we recall Abraham Lincoln more vividly than we do either Christopher Columbus or George Washington, the two other men for whom public holidays are generally observed. Lincoln was the only one of the three born under the United States flag. As a child of the Middle West he grew up in the most American part of America, and through his veins flowed the blood of ancestors from both Virginia and New England. He was a man very like ourselves or, at least, like what in our best moments we wish to be: simple and unpretentious, deeply humane, patient with those who differed with him, unafraid of responsibility and profoundly believing in the sacredness of the human personality. Moreover, Lincoln "belongs to the ages" in the special sense that the problems of statecraft and social policy which confronted him were timeless in character. Shorn of their particular context, they are the same questions we are trying to solve all over again today. Is the democratic form of government worth defending to the death? Can mankind tolerate the doctrine of a "master race"? How can the wounds inflicted by war best be healed?

The Southern states in seceding from the Union acted on a legalistic interpretation of the Constitution, but Lincoln saw the issue more profoundly. "This is essentially a people's contest," he declared. "On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men—to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life." He went on: "Our popular government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have already settled—the successful establishing and the successful administering of it. One still remains—its successful maintenance against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it." It took four years of self-sacrifice and bloodshed to summon the military strength necessary to accomplish this purpose. Today Southerners as well as Northerners rejoice in the outcome.

The cornerstone of the Southern system of society was the institution of Negro bondage. Arguing from this premise, Southern spokesmen such as George Fitzhugh, Virginia lawyer and self-styled sociologist, went so far as to maintain that slavery, "black or white," was "right and necessary." Lincoln, even before becoming President, roundly denounced this dogma of "superior races," calling such beliefs "the vanguard, the miners and sappers, of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us." On an earlier occasion he had said, "As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master." Now he solemnly added, "Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it." Once in the White House, he moved steadily toward the goal of freeing the subject race. If he acted less quickly than some would have liked, it was not from lack of desire. As responsible head of the nation, he was restrained by the fact that the Constitution permitted states to maintain the system of slavery. Yet, conceiving of government as an instrument of continual progress, he used every means at his command to diminish the evil. Early in the war, the institution was outlawed in the federal territories. He next tried (without success) to get the four loyal border states to adopt a program of liberation, promising them financial assistance from the federal treasury. Then came the Emancipation Proclamation abolishing human bondage wherever military resistance continued in the South. And, finally, the Thirteenth Amendment ended the system, root and branch, everywhere in the nation.

While harassed with these problems, Lincoln was also working toward his third goal: a humane and durable peace. Unwilling to wait until the last foe surrendered, he early outlined the terms in the hope of hastening the end. He rejected wholesale punishment as the price of defeat, carefully discriminating between the leaders and the led. With slavery and the slave power no longer a threat to the cause of democracy, he offered such conditions as promised quickly to reawaken the Southerners to their ancient love of the Union. It is one of the tragedies of our history that, before he could carry through his plan, he was struck down by an assassin's bullet. With Lincoln removed from the scene, harsher counsels prevailed.

It is hardly necessary to draw the parallel between Lincoln's time and ours. Within the borders of a single country he faced certain great perils to a democratic people that menace us today on a global scale. We too are defending free government against armed might. We too have resolved to end the doctrine of a "master

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race." We too, while fighting the enemy, must plan for a just and lasting peace. Little wonder that the spirit of Lincoln broods over us. We may well imagine him counseling us, as he counseled his fellow countrymen in the final months of the Civil War: "War at the best is terrible, and this of ours in its magnitude and duration is one of the most terrible the world has ever known. It has deranged business totally in many places, and perhaps in all. It has destroyed property, destroyed life, and ruined homes. It has produced a national debt and a degree of taxation unprecedented in the history of this country. It has caused mourning among us until the heavens may almost be said to be hung in black. . . . When is this war to end? . . .We accepted this war, and did not begin it. We accepted it for an object, and when that object is accomplished the war will end, and I hope to God it will never end until that object is accomplished. We are going through with our task, so far as I am concerned, if it takes us three years longer."

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER

The American Legion[1]

ONCE UPON A TIME, an annual convention of the American Legion was big news. Liberals would take a frightened look at the long newspaper columns filled with speeches and resolutions, then scurry back to their desks for all the usual epithets: anti-labor, anti-peace, anti-this, anti-that. Legion-baiting was a favorite all-weather sport; in addition to sin and murder, liberals of every shade were agin' the Legion.

But that was years ago. In September the Legion held its silver-jubilee convention at Omaha. Yet those liberals who did pay attention to it stopped only to pat the Legion on the back for unexpectedly passing a series of high-minded resolutions.

The reason for this current lack of interest in the Legion is self-evident. The Legion is no longer the influence it once was. But it is quietly laying the groundwork for a new burst of strength that may catapult it back into the big league among American pressure groups. If we don't watch out, the Legion may wield a very decided influence in postwar America.

When the delegates gathered at Omaha, they represented more members than the Legion has ever before boasted. In July it announced that its membership totaled 1,136,290, with 1,150,000 expected by the end of the year. Thousands of soldiers and sailors, discharged from the present conflict for one disability or another, have joined up. Members are urged to preach the Legion gospel to their sons now in service. Last May the executive committee of the Legion appropriated $25,000 for the World War II Liaison Committee, whose major announced task is to help out the families of soldiers and sailors of the present conflict. A full-time official was named in July to coördinate World War II activities of the Legion. And the Omaha convention voted to spend a quarter of a million dollars in recruiting the veterans-to-be of World War II.

Liberals who are new to the ranks or whose memories are short may justifiably ask: Well, what's wrong with the Legion? They can point to resolutions passed at Omaha that (1) denounce Ham Fish for permitting un-American groups to spread propaganda via his franking privilege; (2) approve the government's foreign policy; (3) endorse the good-neighbor attitude toward Latin America; (4) commend insistence on unconditional surrender; (5) urge disarmament of aggressor nations; (6) above all, admit that national interests come first but believe they can best be served by participating in "an association of free and sovereign nations, implemented by whatever force may be necessary to maintain world peace."

Do these resolutions give a true picture of the Legion? What, then, is wrong with it? Pretty nearly everything, answers Dr. William Gellermann of Columbia University. This, according to his book, "The American Legion as Educator," is the real nature of the Legion: "The American Legion was founded at the end of the World War with the encouragement and coöperation of the United States War Department. The organization was intended to perpetuate certain military relationships and to serve as a weapon with which to combat 'radicalism.'"

After taking the Legion apart from a number of angles, Dr. Gellermann found it "a potential force in the direction of fascism." He saw it engaging in typically fascist double-talk, loudly protesting its defense of freedom of speech in one breath and denying a voice to its opponents with the next. Bluntly, he asserted that "its intolerance and persecution of those who advocate change, in the name of those very rights which the American Legion itself substantially destroys, is fascism in fact."

With world affairs our chief concern today, let us look to Dr. Gellermann for light on the international policies of the American Legion. Here is what he tells us about the Legion on the subject of war and peace:

> The American Legion attributes war to certain fundamental traits of human nature, such as greed, hate, malice and jealousy, which are alleged to be so deeply rooted in human nature that war is a part of the nature of things and is therefore inevitable. The organization has no confidence in the possibility of preventing war through international agreement and implies that the only value of international conferences for the promotion of world peace is the publicity obtained for those who participate in such conferences. . . .

"The American Legion as Educator" was written in 1937, when fascism was making its first large-scale bid for world power in Spain. Little in the Legion's history

[1] This is one of a series of articles and sketches submitted in our Soldiers' Prose competition. These are paid for at our regular rates each calendar month. — THE EDITORS
and there is also a special prize for the best entry submitted during

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after that date discredits Dr. Gellermann's thesis. The Legion applauded the so-called policy of non-intervention during the Spanish conflict, and was plumping for strict neutrality far beyond Munich. Not until the fall of 1941, two short months before Pearl Harbor, did the Legion finally come over all the way. Its convention that year called for repeal of the Neutrality Act, asked that the ban against sending American boys outside this hemisphere be lifted, and even tabled a resolution opposing Lend-Lease to Russia, its ancient enemy.

We come to the resolutions passed last September at Omaha. Do they mean that the Legion has had a change of heart, that the banners of international cooperation have been permanently substituted for those of isolation? Is a quarter-century of super-duper patriotism suddenly negated by a few resolutions passed during the heat of a war that seems rolling to victory? Frankly, now, I doubt it. For Legion leaders too consistently attack plans for international amity, reserving particular invective for the century-of-the-common-man pleas of Mr. Wallace. Only a month before Omaha, Roane Waring, then national commander, told the annual convention of the California Department: "I am only interested in a national-defense force, an American army and navy that will fight for the dictates of our American judgment, regardless of what any international court or society of people may decide."

What is to be the liberals' answer to this appeal of the Legion to the veterans-to-be of today's battles? It is a pity that a pocket edition of Dr. Gellermann's book, brought up to date and featuring Commander Waring's stirring words, can't be placed inside the pack of every soldier and sailor, for they must be told several things, in terms that can be readily understood, about this Legion that would be their spokesman: first, that the Legion's international policy materially helped us down the path to war; that the Legion is in no small part responsible that our generation is now in uniform, our lives disrupted where they are not shattered. Then, that we can expect the same dangerous, narrowly nationalistic thinking from Legion leaders in the future, and that a revitalized Legion may be responsible for leading another generation into an even greater conflict.

Two weeks before the Omaha convention, the Legion had the pleasure of a public demonstration of its strength within this army of ours. Yank, the army weekly, had long been publishing letters from soldiers and sailors on the general subject of organizing service men. The September 10 issue finally ran an editorial titled "The Army and the Legion," a sober call to servicemen to be sure that when they do organize, interests of the nation be placed over interests of self. No one can deny that it was a left-handed slam at the Legion. First thing we knew, Major Hartzell Spence, author of the best-selling "One Foot in Heaven," who for months had been Yank's editor, was transferred to Washington to write a history of the army's special services. Despite an explanation by Secretary Stimson that Spence's transfer actually dated from ten days before the editorial in question, soldiers can't help but wonder if freedom of speech on the topic of organizing is to be denied them out of deference to the Legion.

It is then obviously up to the liberals *themselves* to provide a program for the soldiers that will lead to positive action for democracy at the ballot-box and elsewhere after the war. The issue is hardly academic; the Legion's first steps toward enlisting the veterans of World War II have seen to that. This success thus far of the Legion as well as the stream of letters to Yank must prove that the present soldier already hankers for organization. He wants assurance that when peace comes he will actually have the sort of postwar rehabilitation help promised by the President.

When the Legion first memorialized Congress to amend its charter so that it might open its doors to us, I sounded out several leaders of labor and progressive groups. They seemed at that time extremely chary about taking steps to organize today's soldiers and sailors.[1] They felt that youth's job today is to win the war; those who do this big job best will then naturally assume leadership in the bigger job of winning the peace. It all sounds very noble—and very vague on the important point of just how this transfer is to take place. Above all, it sounds oh-so-much like the mildewed hopes of a quarter-century ago. Didn't those who fought then make a similar error?

The resolutions passed at Omaha trot out another angle on this matter of organization for servicemen. The new argument runs like this: the rank and file of the Legion is democratic at heart; only the leadership is reactionary and big-business. All we need do is inject into the Legion some of the red-blooded democratic spirit of the millions of returning veterans. Overnight we will have a Legion that has said goodbye to its hostility to unions, its links to employers' associations, its tendency to trample free speech and education, and its isolationism.

The danger in basing our hopes for postwar America on such political sleight-of-hand is obvious. The belief that the Legion was a spontaneous banding together of comrades has been exploded beyond repair. We know it now as a deliberate and well heeled effort to spike liberal tendencies among disillusioned veterans. Why should we assume that similar efforts won't be made this time, even if, for some reason, the ready-made American Legion fails to fit the bill?

Liberals had better think fast about ways and means of assuring America that the returning veterans swing the postwar balance toward democracy rather than fascism. Otherwise we may be forced to stand by and watch a goodly percentage of the 15,000,000 march into the camp of reaction by default. G. I.

[1] Since then, steps have been taken to create an organization of veterans under trade-union auspices. – THE EDITORS

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Washington Notes

Soldiers'-Vote Politics

IN 1935 a young Scripps-Howard reporter named Charter Heslep was taking a memory course in Washington to improve his mind and make him a better citizen, and he had so far mortified the flesh as to be able to identify each one of the 435 members of the House of Representatives. Why he did such a thing I don't know, maybe so as to put himself to sleep at night, but his mastery of the strange accomplishment occurred just at a time when the House was trying to duck a record vote on the "death-sentence" clause in the utility-holding-company bill.

Down to 1935 the clever little congressmen had killed off embarrassing bills by taking a teller vote in which they pile down the aisle between two "tellers" who check them by number rather than by name.

The Washington Daily News announced in an early edition that it would try to publish the vote by name, in this popular struggle. Young Heslep, the great brain, was planted in the front row of the press gallery, with Herbert Little on one side and Tom Stokes on the other. The rest of the press gave enthusiastic support, the only difficulty being that they all knew the same people. Some congressmen don't even have names. As the House members furtively and derisively rushed through the tellers they were ticked off like a machine-gun by the memory-trained Mr. Heslep, and The Daily News published the record in the final editions to the great embarrassment of a large number of congressmen who felt they had been treated very badly indeed. Partly because of the scare they got, many later changed their votes, and Roosevelt won his fight.

The incident was repeated when the House tried to duck a roll call on the Hatch bill. Now it has just been repeated a third time on the soldiers'-vote bill. The trite phrase that a free press is the guardian of democracy gets a new polish. President Roosevelt demanded a stand-up-and-be-counted vote, which the House showed every intention of avoiding. It actually took one tabulation on the soldiers'-vote bill by the teller (non-record) method. The Press Gallery this time was organized by Vance Johnson of The Chicago Sun, Nathan Robertson of PM, Tom Stokes of Scripps-Howard and others, and an official roll call was obtained and printed in early editions. The ignominy of congressmen scurrying through a teller vote, while reporters check them off from above, need hardly be noted. Largely because they knew that secrecy had been destroyed, congressmen later thought better of the matter and accepted a roll call, defeating the administration's simplified ballot proposal through a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats. The ultimate result still hangs in doubt as this is written, but the energy of the press deserves to be noted. Also should be noted the great reluctance of the anti-Roosevelt forces to go on record, particularly of the Republicans after following the extraordinary states'-rights leadership of John E. Rankin.

The Republicans would not have put themselves into this ignoble position if they did not think that the political stakes were very high. They are probably right. Here is the situation in a nutshell: Both parties, whatever they say to the contrary, believe that the young people in the services will vote predominantly for Roosevelt. They agree on another thing, that while the soldier wants a ballot, he does not want it very much. In other words, as Ernie Pyle has written, if it becomes a choice one day between voting and getting a comfortable cowshed in which to sleep, the soldier will choose the cowshed. For this reason the Democrats get a tactical advantage from the simplified federal, or "G.I.," ballot that cuts red tape to the minimum. If the Republicans can put obstacles in the way of voting, by 48 separate state ballots, with various restrictions and qualifications, they will whittle down a potential political threat.

By election day, men and women in the armed services and merchant marine may number 11,000,000, of which 7,500,000 may be out of the country. Of those overseas 1,200,000 may be under 21 and another 300,000 non-citizens. That leaves 6,000,000. While it is improbable that the assumed pro-Roosevelt trend will be enough to sway the presidential election, it may very well change the result in many congressional districts. In 1942 the addition of 5,000 well placed votes would have given the Republicans control of the House. The stakes now are just as high.

Back on December 13 I was writing in this column about the anti-subsidy fight and noted how the Senate seemed to be hesitating to follow the House lead in rejecting all food subsidies. I included the following sentence: "Too high credit cannot be given to Raymond Clapper for his powerful pieces, when he stood almost alone among the columnists." Now Raymond Clapper is gone. It was his last great fight. Day after day he pounded the facts home. Rarely, I think, had he been so stirred. The importance in Washington of his daily piece can hardly be overestimated. Gradually other writers fell in behind him. I saw Ray just before he left—at the dentist's, as it happened, where he was getting fixed up for the trip. He called me into an adjoining room and said with a twinkle, "When you see 'T. R. B.' again please thank him for that nice reference." It was the last time I ever saw him.

I have tried to think what Ray had that others lack. First, of course, was integrity. A lot of us have that, or think we do. Then there was good judgment. Maybe that is rarer. Finally, and perhaps this was most important, there was a sweetness, simplicity and open-mindedness about him that won everybody's respect. He would really weigh evidence and was interested in any honestly held belief. Of course the tragedy is that he is lost just when the country most needs sane liberalism and a dispassionate, fair-minded approach that carries a nationwide audience. There have been few columnists as good as Ray Clapper; and few liberal ones are left.

Willkie's call for a sixteen-billion-dollar tax bill was hopeful in one way and discouraging in another. It showed there was agreement between Roosevelt and Willkie about the fiscal situation—which is comforting—but it also showed that it won't do much good to have a change of administration if Congress remains the same obstacle to sound finances that it has been so far.

Washington T. R. B.

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The Cherry Orchard Again

BY ONE OF THOSE MISCARRIAGES in the mail the corrected proof of my review of "The Cherry Orchard" at the National did not arrive in time for a missing paragraph to be restored to the text. It concerned the translation and directing of the play. And since these were both highly admirable in their intentions it does not seem fair to omit their mention, especially the direction by Miss Margaret Webster and Miss Le Gallienne.

I said that the version of "The Cherry Orchard" by Irina Skariatina on the whole follows Chekhov's text with respect, accuracy and an effect of naturalness. It is a considerably better version than that Miss Cornell used for "The Three Sisters." And it is also, on the whole, directed with more unity of method and consistency of approach.

I may take this chance to bring up some other points about this Chekhov production. The limitation in this most commendable directing of "The Cherry Orchard" lies—as is the case in Miss Webster's production of "Othello"—in the tendency toward simplification. I do not mean simplification that implies a firm repression of subtle values and a concentration on the main outline and the main themes. The simplification I speak of includes some of that process, of course, but it also implies—in the "Othello" very much so—a good deal of cutting and a frequent understatement of the dramatic values. The result is that hundreds of people will be telling you that this is the first time they ever understood and liked Shakespeare.

The trouble is it's not Shakespeare. It is something for them out of Shakespeare, something of them, plus something added over and above that is a great deal more of course. A useful thing to remember in all these popularizings—to remember, obviously, with considerable modifications for each case involved—is Shaw's remark that when you convert savages to Christianity it merely means that you have converted Christianity to savagery. In Chekhov it is very much misled indeed to cut his lines or stage directions in order to improve on him or make him easy. With repetition this whole performance of "The Cherry Orchard" should gain in flow and intensity, in innerness, in variety of touch and go, and in that intricate realism from which a kind of poetry emerges.

I will cite two instances in which the Chekhov quality and intention could be furthered—instances created by Chekhov with infinite care and subtlety of detail and motivation.

In Lyubov's scenes with Trofimov, the tutor, the many details and items and emotions are all one single state or situation. She mentions the impossibility of letting the cherry orchard go from the family, she kisses the tutor on the forehead, cries over the death of her little son years before, draws her handkerchief from her pocket and with it a telegram from her Paris lover, which falls to the floor. "My heart," she goes on (in the absence of Miss Le Gallienne's script, I take this from Chekhov's Russian) "is heavy today, you can't imagine how heavy. It is too noisy for me here, my soul trembles at every sound, I tremble all over and yet I can't go off to myself; when I am alone the silence frightens me. Don't blame me, Petya, I love you as one of my own. I should gladly have given you Anya's hand, I assure you, only, my dear, you must study and finish your course. You do nothing, Fate simply flings you about from place to place, and that's so strange— Isn't that so? Yes? And you must do something about your beard, to make it grow somehow—(Laughing) You look funny!" He picks up the telegram and from that she goes on into desperate words about the lover ill in Paris, worthless but beloved, about Petya's stern look at her, et cetera. Here the beard detail will serve for at least one illustration. The actress should not pause before the remark about the beard. The beard is in Lyubov's mind from the start, her dead boy's tutor such a failure, the perennial student, so motheaten, so distressing to look at, grotesque and so solemnly disapproving of her. All this co-exists in her mind along with the cherry orchard, the sad memory, the passionate recklessness, and helps to set her off. This is Chekhov's method. The inconsistency and irony are far inward and profoundly human, and compose a single stream. Externally they are to be presented as one whole, lively and pressing. Any absence of this in the directing helps to create the effect of too much jumping from tragic to comic, comic to tragic, which troubles many critics—mistakenly—as unnatural on the part of both the performance and the Chekhov.

The other instance concerns the lines that Chekhov gives Trofimov, the tutor, to say. When the actor of this role is immersed in various emotional situations, and otherwise, that is one thing. But the long speeches about Russia, science, the arts and the future of mankind are close to Chekhov's heart. Mr. Eduard Franz should speak them as if for a moment perhaps the character were galvanized into more emphasis, point and energy. These ideas are a most important element in the play's content and original quality. The fact that they are put in the mouth of a theorizer in this world, a dreamer and failure, is but a part of Chekhov's listing the play as a comedy. STARK YOUNG

Theatrical Movies

LIKE MANY WORDS used in talking about movies, the word "theatrical" is vaguely and loosely applied, usually as a term of disparagement. Since I use it often myself and since I think it is an important term in movie criticism, I would like to give my definition of it.

The use of "theatrical" as a movie description depends essentially on the way the events of the film are related to the camera eye. If the events are arranged to progress as though there were no camera present, if the camera merely watches and records what those events look like, the movie is to my mind in the true nature of a movie: that is, it is non-theatrical and by way of being an anomaly in these days. In this case the acting and procedure of the event will be seen propelled solely by factors within the event itself, irrespective of the camera. Therefore, if the events are not treated as spontaneous, unalterable happenings witnessed by an impersonal camera, but are arranged before it as though it were the eye of the audience and the events developed in order that they may be seen by the camera in the role of an audience, the process is essentially a theatrical one. Then it is a reënactment toward an audience—the process is no

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longer that of watching an action but of acting it toward those who watch it. The difference between a theatrical and non-theatrical film is most closely felt when, in seeing a true movie, one senses that it has been watched by the camera in such a way as to have left it with a life of its own, which takes place without reference to an audience—clearly not the attitude of the stage. The whole complexity of relationships (actor to actor, actor to environment, etc.) is consistently interwoven, proceeding as though unaware of director, writer or cameraman. The best pictures of Clair, Hitchcock's English work, von Stroheim's "Greed," the best Russian work, Griffith's films, the French "Crime and Punishment" are examples of movies that proceed unmolested by the idea of the audience.

When a movie is called theatrical it is conventionally inferred to be either static in regard to its locale, or talky, or both. Yet Donat's extemporaneous speech to the political society in Alfred Hitchcock's "The 39 Steps" is both, and is still essentially cinematic because the attitude in filming it was that of watching impersonally, with the strictest adherence to the inviolable course of a train of events, of finding from moment to moment the most significant thing to watch: that is, the relationships within the event were never sacrificed for a relationship between the scene and the audience. On the other hand, Hitchcock's latest movie, "Lifeboat," is eminently theatrical, but not because it is dialogue-heavy and confined to a single set. Its theatricality lies in the fact that it is entirely an arrangement in which the audience does not, as it should, seem outside of the event, but is the main person in the boat, the person everyone speaks to and for whom everything is happening. The event that is supposed to be taking place falls away from conviction at every point for this reason—it simply is not taking place in a lifeboat in the middle of an ocean but right in front of you on a stage. The characters are constantly stepping past the boundaries of the scene into an oration that is divided from the scene by the fact that their words are no longer driven and provoked by the situation but by the audience. That is why this movie, and most Hollywood movies, are visually enormously inadequate to the content of the plot.

The fact that a movie is least theatrical when the attitude in constructing its action is "What does the event look like?" is dependent on the initial factor in the movie process, the camera, which in simplest terms is a machine for recording the visual diary of an event. The movie that disrupts and designs events to make a play of them before the camera immediately destroys the felicity of the camera: there is no event left, only representations of it, and the preservation of the purity of the event is the reason for being of the camera. Equally, the movie which is seen topsy-turvy, through a complexity of spectacular camera angles, is no less theatrical for, again, destroying the main function of the camera in order to make it the chief entertainer in the movie process—besides being vulgar.

Most scenarios are written today with so little regard for displaying the events sufficiently that the amount of story and character considerably outweights the final visual product; after you have heard this kind of movie's sound track once you will never again be influenced by its ideas because those ideas are so little equaled, proved or synthesized with the picture's visual record. There is actually an abnormal Hollywood confidence in how well they can project any emotion or event in visual terms: so that in movies like "Lifeboat" or "Casablanca"—the two most theatrical popular movies I can think of at the moment—you find the directors and writers attempting a visual realization of everything from jazz to pronouncements on the history of the last decade, throwing in on the way several counterplots of love, intrigue and the nature of war, and actually giving only an inaccurate, flashy hint of these things and never meanwhile coming anywhere near a movie truth. It is my opinion that the fascination of these two films lies in a visual fact, that of watching vital, invigorating-looking people, but not in anything they are doing or saying.

MANNY FARBER

A Communication

Henry Miller and the Fifth Freedom

SIR: In the December 6 issue of The New Republic, Henry Miller, red light in the contemporary literary constellation, laments via "Another Open Letter" that due to the hostility and moral taboos of the American public he cannot live like a normal human being or achieve the acclaim and financial security he deserves. This strange and frantic document came as something of a surprise to many who long had looked upon Mr. Miller as one of those remote and highly individualistic writers who, thoroughly aware of the unique direction of their talents, are prepared to accept the inevitable indifference or antagonism of laymen unacquainted with new significances and new directions.

The meaning of Mr. Miller has been much discussed by informed people moving through informed circles in this country long before a silly war drove him from his Parisian Eden to the limbo of our "air-conditioned nightmare." His special influence on a generation of young American writers, as well as Europeans, has been fully recognized. There is great admiration, reserved and unreserved, expressed for his work and the long struggle he has suffered against what he chooses to believe is the relentless stupidity and intolerance of the current world.

But Mr. Miller is impatient. Dear dead France once admitted him unquestioningly to her last embrace. So should all America and all the world that he might achieve great fame in his lifetime. Surely the millennium will have arrived when all deserving of sanctuary and universal acclaim might sit on the right hand of a very pragmatic Jesus. There are many deserving and many ambitious. Few of any perception, however, have used their names to ensure publication of articles which, like the second "Open Letter," are hysterical with statements which might well serve to amplify a bizarre and ironical edition of Joe Miller's Joke Book.

From a man so recently arrived on this continent, temporarily the last refuge of the sensitive plant in a somewhat neurotic old world, Mr. Miller's comments are odd indeed. In a time when most of our established writers and those unknown young people who will reflect and mold the

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attitudes of the next interval of peace are actively involved in an orgy of destruction and rebirth, Mr. Miller's private war with America and the Atlantic Charter falls rather flat. The issues at stake are more complex than his picturesque and peculiar emphasis would lead one to believe.

This sprawling America is all that Henry Miller says it is—but more too. His voluntary exile was justified if the existence of certain words in his work kept them from publication in this country. It is to his interest that he go where he can see them in print. He claims France offered him this opportunity and that he was happy there. Now, in the United States after twenty years of writing, he must face the rigid censorship which drove him away. That fact is deplorable. A certain degree of bitterness is in order. But there are many deplorable things in these times and crotchety personalized tirades against social injustice will shake nothing to its foundations.

America, such as it is, has produced great writers. To vital American artists this is home. They seek to understand it, their nerves respond to its idiom, and they are nourished from its special strength. Aware that American culture is new and confused, they do not expect the embracing tolerance one found in an aging France. All that will come soon enough. Even so, there is in the United States perhaps the greatest market for literary goods, excellence along with tripe, that the world has produced. But America has not grown up. Until people change, laws cannot change. Should a man find his sincere efforts thwarted by the laws of a land, he must either go elsewhere or he may resign himself to helping patiently and constructively to change those laws. . . .

Mr. Miller hates prostitution, especially the "intellectual sort." This country is full of intellectual prostitutes, he says. One might go on to say that this country is full of prostitutes of all sorts. It is a fat oyster for the parasite. At times it is difficult to distinguish who is prostitute and who is not: there is so much abundance so strangely distributed. Nevertheless, Mr. Miller loudly refuses to be a prostitute and intends to do *nothing* but write and paint as he pleases. This sounds admirable, but would not be altogether clear to an evolving generation of writers who have never considered it prostitution to exchange a small amount of time and physical labor for food and such things. It appears, on the surface at least, quite honest. Yes, he has been offered jobs, at good salary too. All sorts of jobs. The door is wide open. "Why don't I do as other men, other writers?" he brandishes last decade's catechism. . . . "Because I am different, for one thing." Apart from evoking a most tender nostalgia, that statement is remarkably naïve in its assurance. Ordinarily it would call for affectionate amusement. But Henry Miller is a good writer being a bad actor.

It develops that to be "different" does not interfere in the least with his success in advertising his poverty and his colorful dissatisfaction with this country to such an extent that he is, at present, modestly disposed in a quaint, bohemian cottage in Los Angeles. Overwhelmed as he is with "the most warming letters, in addition to money, clothes and art materials," it seems that man does not live by bread alone. Poignantly he composes . . . "Here I sit in Beverly Glen making water colors, doing the best I can . . . and O how poor is my best! . . . while all the time what I really wish to do is to go on writing, giving of my best, giving of my real talent." In view of his previous moral denunciations, it seems that nothing could be more immoral or destructive than this situation. His poor best, incidentally, are selling for fantastic sums to the sympathetic and the merely giddy.

For the author of a book about America entitled "The Air-Conditioned Nightmare," Mr. Miller seems strangely oblivious of the fact that certain kinds of popularity may do him more harm than good, that he too, as a personality and as a writer, could be sucked into the maw by the great, unpredictable appetite of the American public. "I might be the most widely read author in all America . . ." he cries ". . . *now while I am still alive.*" That, no one can deny. His language is provocative and spicy. Many readers will endure anything in print for that alone. As *literature* his work has a singular and potent appeal. To the intelligent reader it is almost profound and carries total impact. To a great, potential audience of readers not ready to understand him and his special position in the contemporary literary scene, his works (those in question) might stimulate the same fascination offered by secret confessions, sexy detective magazines, dirty funny books and the much abused "Aphrodite." That would be unfortunate for all concerned, especially for Miller—*now while he is still alive.*

Finally, in "Another Open Letter," Mr. Miller arouses the reader's curiosity with mention of "a new-model plan of life for the artist in this country," to keep step with "the new-model airplanes, the new-model automobiles, washing machines, vacuum cleaners and so forth which will be put on the market once the war is over." He does not elaborate, but he and a friend proved by facts and figures during a trip around America that it could be done "even in a capitalistic country such as ours."

A "new-model plan" might refer to a sort of new deal, a socialization of artists in order that they might enjoy "as good a life (materially) as a bricklayer." Mr. Miller would find many to support this view (some with more sweeping emphasis, however)—no doubt many union bricklayers among them. Yes, artists might unionize, or even form a colony—but we hardly talk about that any more. Most thinking people will find all this very confusing and intricately associated with other larger problems. Mr. Miller hints that he has solved it in an easy and very personal manner. If only the world will listen.

Henry Miller may well feel that he has been ill used by Fate. His has been a strange and lonely way. One admires the artist, but is distracted by the man who capers. It is difficult and precarious to be amused. A younger generation plays ducks and drakes with the old, but the thing created, once, remains—is continuous. That fact makes solemn. But Henry Miller, the open-letter writer, is a far cry from Henry Miller, the creator of "Tropic of Cancer" and "Black Spring." His letters may have done a great deal toward dampening enthusiasm for any *cause* he represents except, possibly, that which directly involves his digestive apparatus. The letters were a little tired, a little blind and a little reminiscent of that peculiarly dated studio idiom of the twenties. One shouldn't (because one loves him), but one might dare say that he sounded a little like a * duck at midnight, indeed.

Seattle, Wash. WARREN D'AZEVEDO

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The Bandwagon

Bravos to the United States Senate for an unexpected burst of states'-rights doctrine in passing the substitute soldier-vote bill. The action gives renewed hope for the survival of democratic principles in the nation's legislative body. – *From an editorial in The Duval County, Texas, Facts.*

"I'm not talking about the $2,000, $5,000, $10,000 fur garments," he said. "But I'm talking about these cheap little $200 fur coats these poor little working girls have to have as an absolutely necessary item to keep themselves warm as they go to war plants to make munitions. – *Sen. John Holmes Overton, of Louisiana, as reported in Time.*

It is the consensus of our leading educators that no more than 10 percent of the population is educable.– *From an editorial in The (Boise) Idaho Statesman.*

Watch It, Edgar, You're Slipping

A moving picture, "Here We Go Again," starring Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, will be shown at 10:30 a.m. Saturday at the Republic Theatre under the sponsorship of the Rector's Aid Society of St. Luke's Episcopal Church. A comedy will also be presented. – *From The Washington Star.*

On the Home Front

Seven room house. Outskirts city. 7 months minimum lease. No military or pets. $100. – *Advertisement in The Santa Barbara, California, News-Press.*

All-Men-Are-Brothers Department

As for federal fair-employment rules, Bill Jack [of Jack and Heintz], who employs no Negroes, says, "I have absolutely no prejudice against Negroes," but "I wouldn't work alongside one, so why should I ask others to." – *From Fortune.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

What China Needs

SIR: We were very much interested to read Mr. Eric Sevareid's article on inflation in China in your issue of January 3, and also your editorial comment.

There is, however, one phase of the Chinese economic situation which we think Mr. Sevareid has not sufficiently emphasized—and that is the need for the production in China of consumers' goods. Fortunately, in your editorial, you point out that inflation comes from a shortage of consumers' goods, and you make the suggestion that routes should be opened for the sending of goods, among which should be machinery for China's industries.

We are very glad you have raised this issue. We feel that in many quarters not enough emphasis has been placed on the need for helping China to produce both goods and machinery to make the goods. When the Burma Road was closed, machinery could no longer be imported, but we could have sent technicians and blueprints on a large scale. This, unfortunately, was not done. There is still, however, a tremendous need for technicians and specialists equipped with adequate information and with suitable training and background. China has the manpower. She has, also, the raw materials. She needs help in putting these two to work.

Last year plans were prepared for the making of sponge iron by the Chinese Industrial Coöperatives. These plans are in China, but so far it has not been possible to act on them. This is due, first, to the lack of funds—and second, because it has been impossible so far to arrange for the sending of a metallurgist to take charge of the work, although the metallurgist is available. We have just heard from the engineer who prepared the plans that he went to Mexico in September and is already producing iron there by the methods which were prepared for the Chinese Industrial Coöperatives. Yet, in China, where the need is so great, we have not been able to obtain action.

The Coöperatives have made great strides in the design of simple spinning machinery and are now manufacturing this machinery one set at a time. So far, three sets have been made—but a thousand sets are needed to met the demand for cotton and woolen yarn.

The importance of the job that can be done by the Chinese Industrial Coöperatives is not fully realized by people in China or in this country. Last year, United China Relief allocated $637,500. Six times that amount of money could be used immediately by the Coöperatives to expand their production. The raw material and the "know-how" are available. What is needed is recognition in this connection that money and technicians can do more here than anywhere else. With adequate support there is no question but that they could go a long way toward helping China solve her economic problems.

As Rewi Alley never tires of pointing out, money invested in production maintains its value. It puts people to work; it stops the raw materials from going to the enemy; it helps counteract inflation; it makes for good morale and helps win the war.

The Chinese Industrial Coöperatives are producing much. They can produce a great deal more of a great many more things, but they need more adequate support both in this country and in China.

DAVID J. LEACOCK,
Administrative Director of Indusco, Inc.
(American Committee in Aid of Chinese
New York City Industrial Coöperatives)

Architecture and Society

SIR: Thank you for giving so much space to a review of Task in your issue of January 3. To those who devote their spare time to producing a non-commercial magazine like Task, helpful criticism from a weekly of your standing is important.

It was with considerable surprise, therefore, that we read the bewildering criticism of the Messrs. Goodman. They would have Task confine itself to "theory, history and esthetics" and avoid "seeking to connect a profession or a creative art with social problems." That is perfectly clear. Little wonder that they ask that members of Task, which has always insisted that architecture and its social function are the most pressing problems within the architectural profession, "air their grievances in regular departments of . . . a liberal press." But from then on we must confess that we were baffled. Even the climax failed to come to our rescue. There the Messrs. Goodman call for "a

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magazine: to plan the integration of industry and agriculture with domestic life and culture; to analyze by continuing consultation with workers in every field the real functional and expressive pattern of their movements rather than of their biologically standard 'shelter' . . ." and so on. After reading this over and over again, we have to admit defeat.

The authors, abjuring Task to avoid the murky world of social problems, are themselves unafraid. They have an easy answer to one—bad housing. Curiously enough, the same suggestion has been made recently by President Willmore of the National Association of Real Estate Boards—rent allowance in the relief budget. In the absence of "integrated plans to make the community livable," the Messrs. Goodman cynically suggest that "it might often be better to distribute the public subsidy as rent stamps than to freeze it in new construction." This reactionary offering is, no doubt, excused by the demands of what the authors call "the centrality and concreteness of philosophical discussion."

With their own approach to social problems, it is natural that they had little to tell of "Architecture in Wartime," their subject in your December 20 issue. When public housing needs the most encouragement, they have no word for the not inconsiderable advances made recently. They could not see that public housing today is no mere shelter but a community complete with shopping facilities, child-care centers, schools, etc. They overlook the advance made in industrial planning, where many defense plants were located for reasons of security, not for purely business reasons—important despite the factor of non-defense pressures. Finally there was no explanation given why, in the war, the architect has been so easily brushed aside by the glamorous engineer. Nowhere do they show how the architect has brought on his own helplessness. It was not for nothing that Task devoted four pages to an editorial on that very problem, pointing out that only by understanding today's social problems and helping in their solution can the architect survive. One of the most important reasons why the architect has such a difficult time today, as Mr. D. K. Este Fisher Jr., Washington representative of the American Institute of Architects, pointed out in a letter to Task, is due to the fact that "the profession has, in the past, placed too much emphasis on the esthetic side of both education and practice. . . ." Or too much emphasis on just the path that the Messrs. Goodman would have Task follow.

HENRY REED,
New York City for the Editors of Task

SIR: It is not surprising that socially minded young men should misread a more radical critique of their own position as reactionary and esthetic. Let us therefore patiently repeat: "There's a wrong way and a right way to relate architecture and society in a non-commercial magazine. The wrong way is to treat essentially political problems in the restricted context and before the limited audience of a technical review. The right way is for architects to contribute their analysis and invention to show a way out of community impasses where both the Right and the Left happen to be bad advisers."

We did not mention the rent-rebate idea cynically, but simply because we object to the principle exemplified in all the public-housing plans of zoning off a low-income ghetto; the principle of income-group zoning is undemocratic; where there is no proposal for mixed-class public housing, it is better to give the poor man a rebate on his rent in private housing. Obviously the right solution is community housing on the quite different scheme of no class stratification, and every responsible houser will bear this out.

The "complete" communities of "public housing today" are in fact grossly incomplete, because they do not even attempt to integrate the means of livelihood into the community. We happen to have been brought up in a more utopian generation. The young men of Task do not seem to realize that, if we hope to generate the enthusiasm that creates a new world, we must teach people something better than the attainment of our present standards.

New York City PERCIVAL and PAUL GOODMAN

My Choice for President

[The letters published below were written in response to an inquiry from The New Republic asking each author what individual would be his personal choice for President. Other groups will appear in subsequent issues. — THE EDITORS]

SIR: I don't want to get myself identified with partisan politics to the extent of making a suggestion for a presidential candidate.

I think the present probabilities are that the Democrats will nominate Roosevelt, the Republicans Dewey, the Socialists Norman Thomas and the Communists Earl Browder, which shows there is something enduring in a changing world.

New York City WILLIAM L. CHENERY

SIR: Roosevelt.

Because any Republican candidate would be controlled or checkmated by the financial monopolists.

Because any Democrat except Wallace would be controlled or checkmated by the Southern bourbons and machine politicians of our big cities. (I do not favor Wallace because he has not shown the qualities of political leadership required to give effect to his ideas.)

Because any third-party candidate is doomed to futility. Third, fourth, and fifth-party movements consume rather than develop new and unorthodox political ideas. In an election year, those who do not agree with the main tenets of either major party should make a nuisance of themselves within the ranks of that party which they regard as the lesser evil.

Because Roosevelt himself has insisted that history pass judgment on him as the indispensable man. With all its inconsistencies and shortcomings, the President's policy is nevertheless his own—and something is better than nothing. After all, what alternatives does anyone propose? Moreover, the American people have three times elected President Roosevelt and if I had my way, they and he would be required to see the policies he has set in motion attempted for another four years. Then and not till then can anyone pass judgment. If these policies fail, there can be no doubt as to who was responsible and the necessary conclusion will be drawn. But it will be the hope of every enlightened American that they will succeed.

New York City QUINCY HOWE

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Wiktor J. Ehrenpreis, secretary, the Polish Labor Group, New York City, writes to comment on the Polish-Russian dispute. He denies that the Polish Government-in-Exile is reactionary, saying it is accepted by the Polish underground and is more liberal than the Sikorski government, which was acceptable to Russia. He says it represents all elements in Poland except the communists and fascists. He charges that the Union of Polish Patriots, in Moscow, is only a group of puppets, and says what Moscow wants is a puppet government. The real issue, he thinks, is the independence of Poland.

The East and West Association calls the attention of our New York City readers to a conference on Korea which it will hold on the evening of February 16 at the Town Hall, 123 West Forty-third Street. Tickets are $1.10 and may be obtained from the East and West Association, 40 East Forty-ninth Street, or from the box office of the Town Hall.

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Books in Review

Novels After the War

HERE ARE two novels by war correspondents in the Mediterranean. Both are uncensored reports from the theatre of action; both are democratic in spirit and bitterly hostile to some of our present policies toward the Greeks and Italians. Neither book casts much light on the sort of novels that will eventually be written about this war.

"A Bell for Adano,"[1] by John Hersey, makes very good reading in its capable and wholly unpretentious fashion. It is the story of Major Victor Joppolo, an American of Italian descent who, for a few weeks last summer, was the senior civil-affairs officer and acting mayor of a Sicilian town. He was a good man and he did his best for the people of Adano, feeding them, teaching them democracy and even finding a new bell for their city hall; but he came into conflict with an essentially Prussian major-general, bearing some faint resemblance to Old Blood and Guts. The result was that Joppolo was ordered back to Algiers and probably lost his commission. Except for a wistful little love affair, that is the whole framework of the novel; it is filled out with the incidents of daily life in a town occupied by American forces. Some of these are extremely moving. It would be hard to forget Father Pensovecchio's first sermon to his congregation after the town was taken, and still harder to forget the Italian prisoners of war returning to their homes:

> They did not break into a run. Their happiness was terrifying; they walked slowly toward their women. . . . The women ran toward the men. There was equal happiness on both sides, it just happened that most of the men knew their women would be there, whereas some of the women were not sure that their men would be there. That was the difference.

Often you wonder how it is that Hersey knows his Sicilians so well, considering that he was born in China and has done most of his reporting in the Far East (he is the author of "Men on Bataan" and "Into the Valley"). He came to Sicily with the invading army and stayed there hardly longer than Major Joppolo. On the other hand, he is a good observer, and you suspect him of filling in the gaps with his literary memories. His Sicilians sometimes act like John Steinbeck's *paisanos*, so that you aren't quite sure whether you are in Adano or Tortilla Flat. His style also has overtones of Steinbeck—not to mention Hemingway, as in the passage quoted above—but he is saved by being a competent craftsman in his own right. Notwithstanding its self-imposed limitations of time and knowledge, "A Bell for Adano" is an entertaining story, a candid report from behind the lines and an effective tract. To demand that it be a soundly constructed novel as well would be asking too much.

We could, however, ask more of James Aldridge than he has given us in his second book on the war in Greece. The first was "Signed with Their Honor," an awkwardly told but honest and moving story about a squadron of English aviators killed to the last man. "The Sea Eagle"[2] is even more awkwardly told, sometimes to the point of utter incoherence, and it has no compensating virtues except a burning sympathy with the Greeks in their double fight against the invaders and against the tyrants at home.

Its background is Crete after the German occupation, when the hills were full of Australian stragglers always broken into smaller groups and always trying to escape by sea. Aldridge follows two of these men and a Greek comrade through their desperate wanderings. They find a boat and lose it in a storm; they inadvertently cause the destruction of a Cretan village; and they get involved in a crackbrained expedition against a nest of Metaxist Greeks who have refused to release their political prisoners. All this would have made an effective story if Aldridge had planned it more carefully or if his style had been a more discreet imitation of Hemingway. He says, "They had no refusal. . . . It was the angry indignancy in them." He says of a landscape, "It was the gulf of the dead river all right. But the village itself was awkwardly not there. They could not see it completely anyway for the esthetic pine scrub of the downward slope. But there was the white beach, the blue igneous road turning. But the village itself was not there." That is Hemingway's rhythm, all right and anyway, but without his painful accuracy of vision. And there is a trick in his style that Aldridge has failed to learn, a method of indicating deep and often subtle emotions by means of short, repetitive statements and conversations that seem to be inane. Aldridge gives us all the repetitions, all the inanities, but the emotions themselves are awkwardly not there.

Meanwhile, having read these novels by correspondents, we are left to wonder what sort of books will be written by the soldiers themselves, when they have time to collect their impressions. Some of the soldiers wonder too, including those who were writers in civilian life. One of these, while recovering from his wounds, sent a letter to his publisher in which he made a whole series of prophecies:

> 1. After the war is finished here, there will be a flood of first-person narratives about various episodes in the Mediterranean conflict; these will be tough, exciting imitations of Hemingway and the more self-conscious war correspondents, and they'll be very good reading—the first dozen or so. That is because the war so far has given a great many opportunities for individual courage and initiative in a picturesque and exciting part of the world.
>
> 2. After this wave has subsided will come another and more thoughtful, more subjective one. This will be produced by men who were teachers, artists, writers, students before they were inducted and who still think of themselves as such in spite of two or three years' service. These men are not adventurous extroverts like the No. 1's; they are victims; they have a grievance. War has snatched them from their careers, has thrown them in with uncongenial persons, subjected them to the au-

[1] A Bell for Adano, by John Hersey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 276 pages. $2.50.

[2] The Sea Eagle, by James Aldridge. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 310 pages. $2.50.

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thority of nincompoops and obliged them to do menial work. Watch out for beautiful, sensitive prose and for what the blurbs will call a "telling indictment of the stupidities of war."

3. If you get any manuscripts showing enthusiasm for the war as a crusade, or indicating any world-saving impulse, any *Weltverbesserungswahn*, I will be much surprised.

You may wonder what my authority is for these prophecies. A very good one: personal experience combined with hearing a good many men talk here at the hospital and with censoring the enlisted men's mail—hundreds of letters pass through our hands each day. And so I know not only that many thrilling things have happened, that there has been much bravery and daring, but also that there is an extraordinary prevalence of self-pity in all ranks. Pity at the hardships they have to undergo, coupled with resentment against those who have been spared. This is a lamentable state of affairs; but it would be far more serious if it extended to combat. It doesn't, for some reason; enthusiasm and courage and a sense of duty carry the day up there, while the fighting lasts. Afterwards will come the novels, but not mine. You will get no manuscript from me, none whatsoever dealing with the war.

MALCOLM COWLEY

The Most Distressful Country

Red Roses for Me, a play in four acts, by Sean O'Casey. New York: The Macmillan Company. 160 pages. $2.

THIS IS O'CASEY'S BEST PLAY since "Juno and the Paycock" and "The Plough and the Stars." The windy rhetoric and bloodless, schematic allegory of his intervening work have been successfully surmounted, if the marks of these travels are still upon him. But here once again the symbolic passages grow naturally and precisely out of the earth of reality. These characters that are still indubitably marked with the labels of abstraction have a flesh and blood existence as well, and in a fine scene "bleak, black, an' bitther" Dublin becomes "shy an' lovely, as well as battle-minded" through a metamorphosis that is dramatically valid.

The play opens, "a little while ago," upon a room in a Dublin working-class home. Young Ayamonn Breydon—in love with his Sheila and with Shakespeare, Irish freedom, the labor movement and all else that will in his eyes make men free and truly human—is confronted with a choice between his ideals and the girl, who would rather "walk safe on a crowded road." Inevitably he turns his back upon the immediate paradise to die in a railwaymen's strike. When at the end of the action his body is carried across the stage, this colloquy sums up the play:

2ND MAN

That's the last, th' very last of him—a core o' darkness stretched out in a dim church.

3RD MAN

It was a noble an' a mighty death.

INSPECTOR

It wasn't a very noble thing to die for a single shilling.

SHEILA

Maybe he saw the shilling in th' shape of a new world.

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political controversy is played. Catholic, Protestant, atheist —Nationalist, Orangeman and laborite—perform their time-worn bits. A Protestant rector and the police inspector, even in their fragmentary realizations, have some originality, but otherwise we have the traditional procession of the idealistic youth, the sacrificing mother, the beautiful, bitter girl, the garrulous religious disputants, the "mocker of sacred things." Some of them have never been done better; in particular the miserly old landlord who intermittently whines about the solvency of the Bank of Ireland and interrupts every dispute with "Ladies present, ladies present!" And the immemorial neighbors who thrust themselves into the time-honored living room of the Irish stage are here thematically significant as well as theatrically convenient. They embody the city in the scene mentioned above in which Dublin is transfigured through Ayamonn's passion and poetry in a setting that is redolent of Joyce's Nighttown, "a graveyard where th' dead are all above the th' ground."

The "little while ago" in which O'Casey has set his play is undoubtedly an ironic reference. The strike which dates the play is probably the transport strike of 1913, but the fierce anti-nationalism of the play suggests that O'Casey is talking of DeValera's Ireland as well. And in one magnificent passage we are carried back to the Dublin in which Swift walked about "with the thorny crown of madness pressing ever deeper into his brain." When the inspector speaks with indifference of the derelicts huddled against a bridge over the Liffey, the rector replies, "I've read that tens of thousands of such as those followed Swift to the grave." But it is precisely of present-day Ireland's poverty, bigotry and bleakness as well as of her "hidden splendor" that O'Casey writes. (In The Saturday Review of Literature for January 29 Padraic Colum reminds us that last month the Irish Dail voted a million dollars out of its small revenue for famine relief in India and in those parts of Europe that can be reached.) Rarely has Irish history been seen so imaginatively as in Ayamonn's rejoinder to an Irish Irelander:

> Roory, Roory, your Kaithleen ni Houlihan has th' bent back of an oul' woman as well as th' walk of a queen. We love th' ideal Kaithleen ni Houlihan, not because she is false, but because she is beautiful; we hate the real Kaithleen ni Houlihan, not because she is true, but because she is ugly.

"Red Roses for Me" has been produced only in Dublin. I fervently hope that it will appear upon our stage, but I am aware of difficulties that would challenge the resources of the finest theatre. In particular, the characters and the language, while rich, are often dangerously close to overripeness. The demands made upon several of the actors are very great, and only the most skillful director, given the most capable players, could prevent the last two acts from turning into a travesty of the experimental theatre.

O'Casey's matter and manner lead one inevitably to reflections upon that great blaze of Irish writing of which his work is but a spark. But unlike some of the other, lesser, but still important, writers like Frank O'Connor or Sean O'Faolain, he does suggest the full range of the renaissance. With his greater countrymen he shared a rich, accessible body of legend and history upon which to draw; a speech at once colloquial and literary which had not been worn smooth between the stones of indifference and fashion; a political and cultural nationalism that fed upon and in turn nourished literature; a religion (perhaps one should say religions) that still had daily meaning to its adherents and its deniers. These were less the causes of the Irish renaissance than elements of the climate in which it flourished; indeed, one can almost say that each of the greatest of modern Irish writers achieved greatness in part by fiercely opposing or casually ignoring one or several of these forces.

For if national myth and language inspired Yeats and Synge, what of Shaw, Wilde and Moore, who, as Yeats wrote, were "the most complete individualists in the history of literature, abstract, isolated minds without a memory or a landscape." What of the hostility to nationalism that possessed Yeats and O'Casey, ironically enough after the supposed triumph of the national revolution, and the internationalism, culturally at least, of Joyce and the mature Yeats? And when in a country so largely Catholic in spirit and institution have the finest minds been Protestant or pagan?

GEORGE MAYBERRY

But What Is an American?

Walt Whitman: An American, by Henry Seidel Canby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 381 pages. $3.75.

THIS BOOK represents a determined effort (and by an American not zealously in sympathy with his romantic and spiritual expansiveness) to present Walt Whitman to his countrymen as one of their own. Naturally, it must also discuss him as a problem. Where once Whitman was only a New York fireman to Charles Eliot Norton, then the Christ to certain friends and Randolph Bourne crusaders, then an unbred bear to the friends of Ezra Pound, he must now be discussed as a problem. Ever since it became possible to talk as reasonably of Whitman's sexual character as of his poetry, the schoolbook image of the Good Gray Poet, cast in those declamations which are as lightly quoted as all our abstract American monuments, has disappeared. We have learned that he was not what he seemed, and certainly not what he declared himself to be; and must now learn to retrace one source of the American myth: to discover, at the very least, what *he* knew he was not. And since the materials are so loose, so deceptive and so commanding; so inclusive of all persons yet often least applicable to the real Whitman; so porously and mystically native that nationality becomes a mysterious element in itself, Whitman has been reissued as a problem. And so he is; and as such is wrestled with here; Dr. Canby knows what has been going on. Perhaps like myself he is haunted by the title, if not persuaded by the argument, of Mark Van Doren's "Walt Whitman: Stranger."

Dr. Canby faces up to the problem, if not to all the problems—the greatest always being, who was Walt Whitman? But essentially he is interested in his subject not as a problem, a poet, or a prophetic force in the history of nineteenth-century materialism, but as an American—even as a gracious and moving archetype who was also a great artist, a very passionate democrat, and as an eternal

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friend. Dr. Canby thinks that Whitman's "Song of the Open Road" is far purer than Theodore Roosevelt's call to "the strenuous life"; but how long has it been since anyone even compared Whitman with Roosevelt? Or, without recalling Whitman's confession that "James is just feathers to me," stood behind Whitman to be nasty to Henry James? ". . . . the noblest refiner of them all . . . sought subtlety in the interworld of international society . . . went abroad to be successful, and Walt Whitman stayed at home to wage unequal battle for a democracy that did not expurgate the rough and tough, the simple and the common, from its ideals."

Dr. Canby is here motivated by James's 1865 review of the "Leaves," and he is right to attack it for its condescension. But he does not tell us what Edith Wharton reports in her memoirs, that James in Paris used to read Whitman aloud with "subdued ecstasy." I find the whole passage in Dr. Canby's book dispiriting, like so many conventional interpretations of the American experience in it, for he tends to reproduce naïvely and to prolong the stale, thoughtless quarrel between the friends of James and Whitman in our literary thought. It is as dispiriting as the recent efforts, by those who know how great an artist Henry James was, to make him out a greater "ethical" figure than William James; as dispiriting, unphilosophic, useless, as all revivals of that war between the "refiners" and the "commoners" which marks our schizoid history.

When shall we learn that this historic quarrel—like the polar extremes of Jonathan Edwards and Franklin, Vachel Lindsay and T. S. Eliot, Henry Miller and Dr. Canby himself—is only one strand of the divided American self? The constant search for a true north in our moral history is the context of a life so carried on between populism and atomic self-realization, between Europe and the frontier, between the weight of our materialism and the vacant magnets of our classic idealism, that it is only in the resolution of all its discordant elements that we can even hope for resting-places in *identity*. The more it changes for us in America, the more it's the same hunger. All that these tiresome wars of vicarious loyalty do is to reproduce the anxiety for the cultural absolute (so that we shall not have to seek others?): to make the longing of our upholstered anarchy come true that Whitman is really *the* American, or Henry James; that Huck Finn will tell us more than Sister Carrie; or that having understood or even shared the delicate tropisms of Lambert Strether, we shall not have to listen to the yearning dream of Gene Debs, or the facts of Lincoln's fierce friend Herndon. This does not mean that because West and East are so often inversions of each other we do not have to sacrifice and to choose. But at least let us remember that it is not we who are separate, but the different ways in which we always come back to the unity of the dream-myth (and Whitman had a hand in that); just as it is not we who ever shape the American process, but the disproportion between our techniques and our human means.

The Whitman I know and understand is not a social seer. For me he represents the merging of an extraordinary inner vision in an uncertain poetic faculty; and though I revere him for his essential purity of insight and am always moved by the great songs and "Specimen Days," I find him too typically modern an American in the sense in which

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even he failed Thoreau's hope that "one man has reduced a fact of the imagination to be a fact to his understanding." What is valuable for me in Whitman is not his air of perpetually winding himself into a patriotic oration, but that need to find an absolute communion with men, that troubled but inscrutable tenderness, that give his work the character of a love letter that is always being lost. I do not read prophetic greatness into him, for though I recognize the creative meaning of Whitman's hopes for his country, I cannot confuse his notes on the American experience with what Nietzsche understood of their century, or Dostoevsky, or even Emerson. This is not Dr. Canby's Whitman, however; for him Whitman "established an ideal for international democracy which has proved to be as prophetic of danger as it is shrewd and noble in its ideas." And the quality of his affirmation is especially clear in lines like these:

> The clues to the so-called mystery of Walt Whitman are not to be found in unrevealed scraps of personal experience, but in the history of the electric America in which he matured, an America charged with spiritual idealism, double-charged with intellectual and physical energy; and in his inner life, as conditioned by his youth in that America. Also, of course, in his psychology and physiology, both of which were unusual. . . . Myself, I get . . . a likely picture of the gawky youth, so slow and meditative, so eager within as he drinks from books or any deep or trivial experience. It takes a long while to make a poet who is going to write about himself, and love and his country. . . . Walt was not lying under apple trees or getting down on his stomach in the fields because he was too lazy to stand up. It will be seen that he was one of the hard workers, as well as the best loafer, of his age.

My first objection to this is on the grounds of style; yet since style is always a register of inner authority, such writing confirms my suspicion that for all its genial and affectionate portraiture, Dr. Canby's affirmation of Whitman as American is a little uneasy. It is committed to the elucidation of a type, despite all Whitman's idiosyncrasies; and it proceeds on a level lower than the paramount question it raises—What is American in Whitman?

My own feeling is that Whitman was as deeply "American" as we like to believe; but not because his mystical democracy fits so usefully into the national epic, or because, as Dr. Canby shows, his Long Island was such a microcosm of American regions in their natural diversity. On one side of him Whitman is certainly the archetype Dr. Canby makes him out—carpenter, journalist, party Democrat, the plain American companion. But the protean Whitman, the Whitman who was always trying to merge himself into the oceans, the peoples, the infinities of mystical brotherhood or death, is most typically American in that he personifies an endless process of becoming, of a world always *in medias res*. Whitman is the poet of the American dream, which is a real dream and not a political slogan—that dream of existence as a positive good in itself, of life as a process that will somehow, by magical sweetness and incantation of solidarity, justify itself. What moves us in Whitman is never the fact that we have arrived at a definite understanding, but the interior recognition with which we join in his interior escape—so that we always are drifting with him toward possible universals. Perhaps he saw it himself when he said—"I do not talk of the beginning or the end," or when he denied himself in his own poems, floating on the tide of his great and confused searches, smiling only at the pause—"I stop somewhere waiting for you." There is so much germination in Whitman that real beings are never born; it is always the seeding, the enclosing into shadowy wholes; the endless waves that are so solemn in emotion that we may forget how vague a love was intoned, and how even more vague a relinquishment has been made.

Here, perhaps, is the "American" Whitman; and in nothing so much as the question he is always asking, in asking for everything else—"What is an American?" From Crèvecœur in the forest to Fitzgerald brooding over Jay Gatsby, that question is one of the authentic themes of our spiritual life in America. Whitman embodies it in all that sense of waiting for an impossible ideal which is at the core of the American sense of time; in all that skill at mere evocation, hoping that symbols will become substances; in that troubled self-love, enforced by isolation and the irony of living in "historical daylight," which marks the strange nostalgia of the American for other identities—in Europe, or in all the golden ages. When a writer is serious he does not sit down to "express" what he feels, but to find out what he knows. Certainly it was the need to find out what he was, under the trappings of the Brooklyn political dandy, that led Whitman in his notebooks to the drifting lines, forms and subterfuges of "Leaves of Grass." But the identity of Walt Whitman was not only a balance between the passive and the dominant in his sexual nature; it was the dreaminess, at the pitch of genius, with which he personified the American's search for the meaning of his existence. There is an American Whitman—not because he created an American myth for the world, but because he exalts us so honestly, without ever really teaching us.

ALFRED KAZIN

Action as Test

The Uses of Reason, by Arthur E. Murphy. New York: The Macmillan Company. 346 pages. $3.

THIS BOOK does not attempt to offer "a systematic philosophy in whose terms our present complexities can finally be resolved." The author feels that "we are not likely in this generation to achieve so comprehensive a doctrine"—and "perhaps, on the whole, it is as well no longer to expect it." The reviewer is thereby happily relieved of certain embarrassments. For if the author himself specifically disclaims pretensions to a system, the reviewer cannot be expected to give a wholly systematic report of his book. One should, however, be able to state its "slant."

The two key terms in "The Uses of Reason" would seem to be "reason" and "action." Reason is conceived broadly: one might not be far wrong if he substituted for it the word "reasonableness," in contrast with such extremely narrowed meanings as we get when identifying reason solely with mathematical precision or scientific demonstration. And as for "action": we might substitute some such expression as "coöperation," or "joint effort for a common good."

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The author relates these two terms pragmatically, in that reason is placed as the guide of action, and action is placed as the test of reason. Reason guides action in helping us to make a reasonable survey of the situation and to adopt ideals that will serve as the effective aims of action (under the particular conditions that form the "context" of our act). And action will be the test in the sense that reason is as reason does. That is, we won't judge a philosophy simply by adjudicating the claims it makes on paper, but we'll consider its consequences in terms of action. We'll see (or foresee?) what sort of context results when people act out the philosophy—and we'll let that be the judge.

This goes also for "the relation between the theological content of the beliefs recommended and the natural and social conditions under which the beliefs are propagated." Thus:

> It is not difficult to maintain, in theological or metaphysical debate, that a belief in a supernatural foundation for the highest values is better nourishment for the democratic virtues than are mere secularism and agnosticism. Since Spain under Franco encourages and insists upon the inculcation of such beliefs, while Republican Spain did not, it might be concluded by the unwary that the Spain of Franco provides a better environment for freedom, enlightenment, and human brotherhood than did the Spain which made the first and bravest stand against fascism in the war we so tardily entered. I shall not, I think, be guilty of overstatement in saying that this conclusion would be a mistake. Men do not gather grapes from thorns, figs from thistles, or spiritual freedom from "values" whose "sanction" is anything less or other than the good that proves itself in their work together, freely, generously and in the open. When such freedom is not to be found, the authoritarian indoctrination of approved theological principles will not serve to take its place. Where it does exist, democracy has a soil in which to grow, and it is in its growth under natural conditions that the proximate substantiation for our faith in it is to be sought.

Liberal; secular; democratic; proclaiming human dignity in humanistic terms; the author's *via media* is between the overextended claims of scientism on the one hand and the overextended claims of supernaturalist, absolutist philosophies on the other. His treatment of reductionists, oversimplifiers, debunkers and the like should be useful in making clear the invitations to bad thinking that reside in excessively narrowed terminologies of motives. And as regards terminologies not narrow enough, one may enjoy Professor Murphy's efforts to discourage "literary, philosophical and theological loose talk."

Ironically enough, the virtues of the analysis derive preponderantly not from the treatment of the books in terms of action, but by a treatment of them in terms of their nature as books. And this review will be similarly confined (though Professor Murphy's almost complete neglect of esthetic values might lead us to wonder whether his own philosophy, as enacted, could lead to anything richer than a world of well conducted committee meetings).

The author thinks that the pragmatist "emphasis on the plurality of contexts in which ideas can function significantly" is "the greatest single contribution to critical philosophy of our time." His treatment of the subject, however, is disappointingly skimpy. His book itself should have enacted his admiration for the notion of context by a far more thorough and sustained contemplation of the subject he considers so important. That is, a book should act to "monu-

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mentalize" the subject of admiration. But such an attempt at monumentalizing would probably be, in philosophy, the same thing as an attempt at a "system"—and that Professor Murphy distrusts.

Having got through our "however," let's end by recognizing that the book is brightly and vigorously written, and is particularly valuable for its discretion in showing up many ideological works that have recently enjoyed some measure of popular interest. And if the author doesn't monumentalize reason, he does pay it the good compliment of considering, in terms of reason, both the nature of reason itself and the conditions, or "contexts," in which it acts.

KENNETH BURKE

Far Away and Long Ago

The Innocents at Cedro, by R. L. Duffus. New York: The Macmillan Company. 163 pages. $2.

In 1907 Thorstein Veblen was fifty years old and was teaching at Stanford University, where he made so little impression that the university cheerfully let him go when he was invited elsewhere. Robert Duffus, now a distinguished member of the staff of The New York Times, was twenty years old and engaged in earning his way through the same university. Veblen needed household assistance; Duffus needed a job. In a casual way, the youngster moved into Cedro cottage, on the edge of the campus, where Veblen lived. So did Duffus' brother William, who is now himself an eminent professor of Economics. So did their invalid father, and for part of the year, various other people, whom Veblen tolerated if he did not exactly welcome them.

Mr. Duffus has written of this year in a tender and nostalgic vein. He does his best to make Veblen the hero of his story; being a modest man, he cannot quite bring himself to open autobiography. But the ruse doesn't work; the hero is Duffus at twenty recaptured in memory; or more accurately, almost anybody at twenty, for many of Duffus' remembered feelings, hopes and fears are universal. Quite possibly Stanford in 1907 was a particularly good place in which to be young; it seems so to this reviewer, who happened to be on the campus at the time. At any rate, his excursion into his past has resulted in Robert Duffus' best book, with for good measure some incidental views of one of the two or three most powerful economic thinkers this country has produced.

B.B.

Contributors

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G. I. is the pseudonym of a lieutenant in the United States Army.

WARREN D'AZEVEDO is "23 years old and a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley in 1942. Since then he has been actively involved as a merchant seaman. He does not press wild flowers, collect stamps or first editions. He keeps up his union dues, does not vote Republican, and hopes, when some measure of order is restored to the planet, to find a small stump-farm near Lhasa where his wife can organize the lamaseries and bear innumerable children, and where he can finish his first novel, which will be ready for publication in a number of years."

KENNETH BURKE is giving a course in the theory and practice of literary criticism at Bennington College and is completing his "Grammar of Motives."

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